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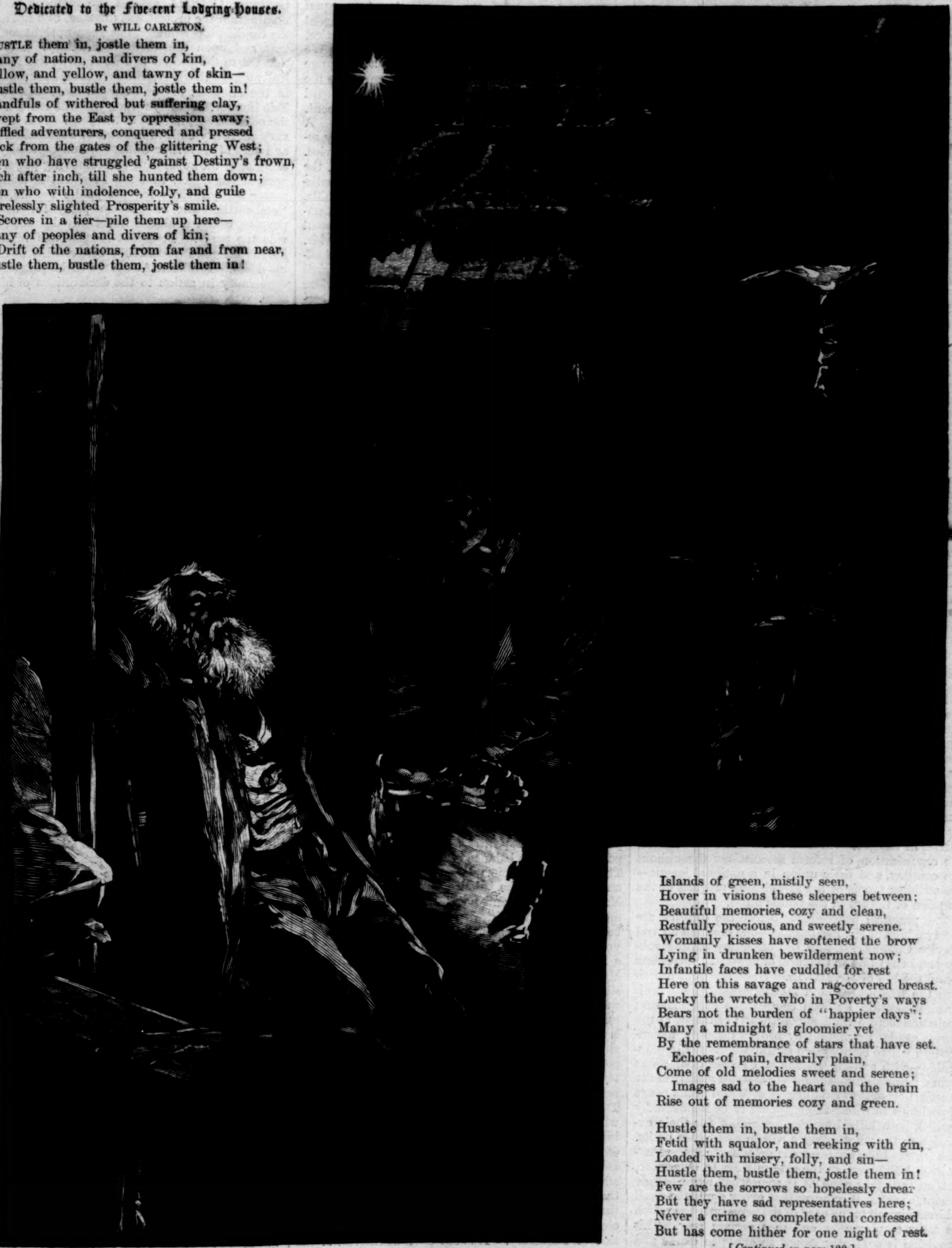
HUSTLE THEM IN.

Dedicated to the Five-cent Lodging-Houses.

BY WILL CARLETON.

HUSTLE them in, jostle them in,
Many of nation, and divers of kin,
Sallow, and yellow, and tawny of skin—
Hustle them, bustle them, jostle them in!
Handfuls of withered but suffering clay,
Swept from the East by oppression away;
Baffled adventurers, conquered and pressed
Back from the gates of the glittering West;
Men who have struggled 'gainst Destiny's frown,
Inch after inch, till she hunted them down;
Men who with indolence, folly, and guile
Carelessly slighted Prosperity's smile.
  Scores in a tier—pile them up here—
Many of peoples and divers of kin;
  Drift of the nations, from far and from near,
Hustle them, bustle them, jostle them in!



Islands of green, mistily seen,
Hover in visions these sleepers between;
Beautiful memories, cozy and clean,
Restfully precious, and sweetly serene.
Womanly kisses have softened the brow
Lying in drunken bewilderment now;
Infantile faces have cuddled for rest
Here on this savage and rag-covered breast.
Lucky the wretch who in Poverty's ways
Bears not the burden of "happier days":
Many a midnight is gloomier yet
By the remembrance of stars that have set.
  Echoes of pain, drearily plain,
Come of old melodies sweet and serene;
  Images sad to the heart and the brain
Rise out of memories cozy and green.

Hustle them in, bustle them in,
Fetid with squalor, and reeking with gin,
Loaded with misery, folly, and sin—
Hustle them, bustle them, jostle them in!
Few are the sorrows so hopelessly drear
But they have sad representatives here;
Never a crime so complete and confessed
But has come hither for one night of rest.

[*Continued on page 122.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 121, published February 21, is remarkable for the number of beautiful and artistic wood-engravings it contains.

There is a front page by W. ST. JOHN HARPER, *illustrating Part II. of an interesting Valentine Story, entitled "Miss Holsover's 'Treasure'"; an article on Music by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled "The Gavotte," with a portrait of "Young Bach Copying Music by Moonlight"; a full page is given to pictures of animals, illustrating an article on "Mr. Barnum's Great Show in Winter-Quarters"; and a column to the "Sad Fate of Seventeen Cupids."*

The letter-press of this number keeps pace with the beauty and excellence of the illustrations. In addition to the serial story and one or two articles of a more or less instructive character, there are several poems, one a martial ballad of Napoleonic days; a humorous sketch, entitled "Max Rander's Young Noblemen"; and a bright short story, appropriate to the date of publication, called "Tony's Birthday and George Washington's."

THE TIME O' DAY.

IN his inaugural address President GARFIELD said: "For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and obstruction to the public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of the several Executive departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during terms for which incumbents shall have been appointed." What President GARFIELD would have proposed we shall never know, but two bills have been introduced in the Senate to secure the objects which he deemed to be essential for the welfare of the public service. These bills are those of Mr. PENDLETON and of Mr. DAWES. Mr. PENDLETON'S was reported last year, and again introduced by him at the opening of this session. Mr. DAWES followed with his bill, which he has supported in a speech pointing out the enormous abuses of the old system, and the imperative necessity of reform. The introduction of two bills differing only in details; the favorable speeches in the Senate of two active party chiefs; the elaborate discussion of the subject in the President's Message; the action in the case of General CURTIS, and its wide and general approval by the press; the immense petitions presented in the Senate, and signed by thousands of the most distinguished citizens of all parties in the great cities and in rural communities; the organization of reform associations throughout the country, and their union in a national league—are striking proofs of the astonishing progress of the question of reform in the public mind.

The practical propositions before the country are the two bills of Mr. PENDLETON—one creating a Civil Service Commission, and the other prohibiting robbery and extortion in the form of political assessments—and the bill of Mr. DAWES. Upon essential principles the PENDLETON and DAWES bills agree. Both require selection by open competitive examination; probation before final appointment; entrance at the lowest grade; promotion by proved merit; non-competition where competitive examinations are impracticable—with certain obvious and proper exemptions from examination. The differences are mainly in the constitution of the examining boards and in the range of positions to which the rules are to be immediately applied, both bills, however, providing for their extension to the whole service within reasonable limits. The DAWES bill specifies some details which the PENDLETON bill leaves to the Commission to determine, yet, on the other hand, it is somewhat more loosely drawn, as when it requires that every applicant shall address himself to the head of the department in which he seeks employment, and in a certain way. This provision is evidently meant to apply to clerks and minor officers, but, as drawn, the bill includes foreign ministers. The phraseology also would require every applicant for carrying letters in San Francisco to make his application to the Postmaster-General, and every candidate for the place of night watchman in the New York Custom-house to address himself to the Secretary of the Treasury.

But while the PENDLETON bill provides for a non-partisan Civil Service Commission which, under the President, shall have general charge of the whole subject of examinations, submitting rules to the President according to principles prescribed by the bill, keeping records of all examinations, preserving papers, deciding appeals from local boards appointed by the Commission, and in general maintaining accuracy, unity, justice, and an intelligent uniformity of standard in the whole scheme, Mr. DAWES'S bill provides a separate board of examination in each department, with local boards appointed by the head of the department. This is the most serious difference between the two bills, and it is very serious, because, without apparent advantage of any kind, the plan destroys an equal standard in the departments, sacrifices an intelligent and rigorous uniformity, and introduces injustice, confusion, and weakness into the whole system. We have sought in vain any good reason for this change from the PENDLETON provision. That empowers the President to designate the primary board. The board has no power whatever of selection or appointment. It acts only under the President's approval. A single board, or a commission, would necessarily secure intelligent uniformity throughout the service. The standard would be everywhere the same, the methods harmonious, and the results just and satisfactory. This is the chief difference between the bills. But it is very important. An unfriendly or an unintelligent or an indifferent head of one department would discredit and nullify the entire scheme. Mr. DAWES prefers to take such risks. But, as a good administrator, he must see that if a reform in the civil service is to be effected, it is to be reached by a clear and defined purpose, and by an intelligent and harmonious will. The argument drawn from centralization is illusory, unless some reason can be shown why a Custom-house clerk in San Francisco should not be qualified for the same duties in precisely the same way as in New York or Charleston.

TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

THE political situation is well illustrated by the independent Republican movement in Pennsylvania, and by the Democratic dead-lock in the Legislature of New York. Paramount national issues no longer divide the two parties. Party adhesion is determined only by tradition and tendency. Republicans cling to their party because of its great achievements, its representative intelligence and patriotism, and because of a profound distrust of Democratic supremacy, founded upon the career of the party, its conduct wherever it obtains power, and the fact that its strength lies in the "solid South." It is not upon specific questions, or measures, or policies, that the country is politically divided. There is a very large body of citizens who look upon Democratic support of good measures as a vain pretext for soothing apprehension and recovering power. However plausible the Democratic appearance may be, this feeling regards the most fair-spoken Democrats as mere Greeks bearing gifts. This, of course, is a situation which becomes more critical and uncertain every day. Mere apprehension of possible danger in some unknown way from an opposing party can not be the permanent reliance of any party in the present condition of this country, and it is this consciousness that makes the doubtful situation so significant, even while party lines seem to be carefully maintained.

The Independent Republicans, upon grounds of principle and of protest against merely mercenary politics, hold the balance of power in Pennsylvania. The Tammany Democrats, on grounds of "plunder" and profit, hold the balance of power in New York. Mr. JOHN KELLY, and not General MAHONE, is the most important political personage in the country, because he has demonstrated his ability to control votes enough to decide elections in New York, and in a national election the vote of New York is decisive. How lightly he holds to his party is shown by the situation at Albany. For more than six weeks he was able to prevent the organization of the Legislature, not because he professes any principle or policy which his party rejects, but because he could not make a satisfactory arrangement of "spoils." The power of such a leader, however, depends upon the tenacity of parties. The moment that mere party regularity is relaxed, the result becomes uncertain. The tendency among party managers in this State will be to make terms with Tammany. Their reasoning will be that as Tammany decided the election of Governor in 1879 by withdrawing votes from the Democrats, the same feat is possible in 1882 for an adequate consideration. The management known as the County Democracy has not obtained control of the Democratic party, and that party can not hope to elect a Governor next autumn without the co-operation of Tammany. It is the obvious interest of the Democratic managers to secure that co-operation, and of the Republican managers to prevent it.

The Republicans, however, have their divisions and troubles, and in the obscure situation one thing only is clear. It is that the prospect of Republican success lies not in bargains of any kind, but in the general character of Republican administration, and the general confidence in Republican sympathy with the convictions and desires of the most intelligent citizens. "Machines" and "regularity" are at this moment very much less powerful than for many years. The significant and decisive fact must be remembered that in the year before the last Presidential election, with the full consciousness of the Republican necessity of carrying New York, and with the machine, which is now prostrate, shattered, and discredited, then in its fullest and most unscrupulous vigor, thirty thousand Republicans refused to sustain "regular" nominations. This year there will not be less independence, but infinitely more. It will not show itself in the same way, because the administration of Governor CORNELL, against the methods of whose nomination the protest was directed, and not against the candidate personally, has been upright and vigilant, and upon the whole satisfactory. The spirit that led to the protest of 1879 showed itself emphatically during the Senatorial contest of the summer, and in the elections of the autumn, more especially in Erie County. "They reckon ill" who leave it out in the political calculations of this year. It is watching very narrowly both the course of President ARTHUR and that of Governor CORNELL, and especially their exercise of the appointing and removing power. The general conviction that the President is using that power not primarily for the public welfare, but to "stalwartize" the Republican party for whatever purpose, would doubtless hopelessly distract and divide the party. President HAYES was reproached for the alleged inconsistency between his words and his deeds. President ARTHUR will be judged by his conformity in action to the declarations of his Message.

THE HELPFUL HAND.

THE wise and humane way in which to give alms is as much a subject of careful study as any other social problem, and the most earnest and intelligent students of the subject, such as members of boards of charity, devoted and active clergymen who often dispense the bounty of wealthy parishes, public-spirited citizens who dedicate their time and labor to the relief of poverty and suffering, are all agreed that in no work is co-operation more indispensable. Probably half of the money annually given in charity in the city of New York is wasted, or worse than wasted, because it directly promotes pauperism and increases crime. A great proportion of the grog-shops in the city are maintained by the money given in alms upon the street. No man or woman who gives in the street knows anything whatever of the person to whom the money is given, except that he or she looks poor. The alms are given not in charity, but to get rid of the applicant; and the applicant in most cases is asking, not for bread, but for a dram. Crime and poverty grow together, and grow apace, and it is ignorant, heedless, and selfish alms-giving which diligently fosters them.

There are excellent aid societies attached to churches. But for many reasons there is no common understanding among them. Their operations overlap. Three or four, or more, are helping the same persons, and as help in itself is often held to be a religious duty, there is often not the necessary inquiry to ascertain whether the help ought to be given. In all such ways there is an enormous waste of money, time, labor, and sympathy, and no adequate or satisfactory result is accomplished. Meanwhile there is no doubt that all the money, time, intelligence, and labor which are necessary to relieve poverty and suffering in the city are ready at hand, and only the method to make them effective has been hitherto wanting. We have more than once commended the New York Society for the Relief of the Poor as an admirable institution. But this, like all the others, works alone. Whoever knows the city, knows that there are excellent charitable agencies. The power is ready. The sole problem is its application.

This has now been taken in hand by the most intelligent and efficient workers in the community. Clergymen of the most practical experience and most thorough mastery of the subject, in concert with men and women of all pursuits and interests, but who are peculiarly interested in this subject, have formed a kind of clearing-house of charities, which they call the Charity Organization Society. Its object is to furnish a centre of communication between the churches and charitable agencies of the city, and to investigate thoroughly and gratuitously all applications for relief which may be referred to the society, and to report the results to those who have a legitimate interest in knowing. The society will provide all necessary visitors. It will obtain from proper charities and charitable individuals suitable relief for deserving persons. It will procure work for those who can wholly or partially support themselves. It will promote cleanliness, thrift, and industry among the poor, and it will prosecute impostors and repress mere men-

dicity. Such a society should be the active and efficient hand of all the scattered church and other charitable associations. Its work is to be absolutely severed from religious belief, from politics and nationality; and every charitable person in the city who knows how much need and suffering there are, and who wishes to relieve them, will find in this society, not in street alms, the means of relief. Of course such an enterprise must depend for public confidence upon the character of its promoters. But to know that Dr. VANDERPOEL is president, and LUCIUS TUCKERMAN vice-president, and ARTHUR M. DODGE treasurer, and J. R. ROOSEVELT secretary, and that the councillors are men like Mr. PELLEW, Mr. OLNEY, Mr. WILLIS JAMES, Mr. MINTURN, Mr. ALFRED ROOSEVELT, Dr. STURGIS, Mr. FAIRCHILD, and other well-known gentlemen who have full knowledge of the situation, and an experience which none others have, is to know that, so far as depends upon thorough comprehension of the work to be done, and intelligent devotion and activity in doing it, there will be no failure. It is for the community and for the individual citizen to hold up the hands of the new society, and the wise use of charitable gifts in New York will be as conspicuous as its munificent charitable giving.

MR. GLADSTONE AND PARLIAMENT.

LABOULAYE said that the object of constitutions in popular governments is the protection of minorities, and he added that Frenchmen had not yet comprehended the fundamental principle of a republic, which is the rights of minorities. The French republican idea is government vested in a single House controlled by a majority. But the despotism of a majority needs restraint, like that of a king. This restraint is obtained in our system by two independent Houses and an Executive veto. The arrangement does not defeat the final decision of the majority, but it delays and tests it, so that when it is reached it represents the conclusion of judicial deliberation. All such delaying restraints are the intervention of reason against the mere brute force of numbers. And therefore the surest defenses of liberty are held to reside in such wise forms.

The vigorous protest in England against Mr. GLADSTONE's proposition of the closure, or what seems to be a rather arbitrary form of the previous question, as we understand it, is doubtless due to the apprehension that it may give too tyrannical a power to a single momentary majority. The English government, like all truly popular systems, is government by Parliament, that is, by speech. But arbitrarily to silence speech is tyranny, while, on the other hand, unrestricted speech may obstruct and overthrow government. The exact problem is to devise a scheme which shall prevent willful and treasonable obstruction, while it permits the fullest and freest speech. This is especially difficult to provide in the British Parliament, because under its forms of King, Lords, and Commons the British government is really one of a single Parliamentary majority. If the ministry, which is the real Executive, loses a majority in the Commons, although it may retain it in the Lords and be favored by the Crown, it resigns or appeals to the country. To give a mere majority of the Commons, except under conditions most carefully guarded, the power summarily to close debate, would seem to be a hazardous proposition.

Mr. GLADSTONE's political sagacity, however, is so unsurpassed, and his loyalty to liberty and love of justice are so paramount, that his proposition is fairly to be judged only by his own explanation. He has found a reckless spirit of mere obstruction, which, with contemptuous disregard of the public welfare, seeks its own ends by paralyzing the government. If the administration is to be carried on, and necessary laws are to be passed, there must be some method of bringing the House to a vote. This was accomplished last year by methods upon which there was general agreement. But the present scheme is not a temporary expedient. It proposes a fundamental change of Parliamentary procedure, and it is resisted as essentially revolutionary. The ministry is understood to make it a decisive question by which to stand or fall. If beaten, it will probably dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country. The election in that case would be a singular and interesting test of the confidence reposed in the ministry, and of the desire to see the Liberal policy carried out, because that would be the real question put to the country.

THE NEW CAPITOL OF NEW YORK.

WHEN the question of building a new State Capitol was presented in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867, it was stated that the extreme and utmost calculation of its possible cost was $4,000,000. It was an immense sum, and the Convention, sitting in the modest, cheap, and old-fashioned Capitol, quite lost its breath. The building is far from completed. It has cost already $13,000,000, and the late Comptroller, Mr. WADSWORTH, declares that it may yet fall, that two-thirds of the space is given up to corridors, that it will probably cost the State $20,000,000 by the time that it is completed, and that it will require probably a quarter of a million of dollars every year to keep it in order. There is no doubt that it is one of the most expensive enterprises of the kind which the State ever undertook, and that it has been conducted in an extremely loose and unsatisfactory manner. The late Governor ROBINSON evidently regarded it as wicked. As a cathedral was called frozen music, Governor ROBINSON would have described the new Capitol as a crime in stone and mortar.

Two years ago there was an alarm as to the stability of the structure, which appears to be solid enough to last as long as the hill upon which it stands. But the serious trouble now seems to be the distribution of the rooms in the new Capitol among the various departments of the government. The building is supposed to be under the direction of the Capitol Commissioners. But this is in great part an *ex officio* body, and however constituted, its duties are very ill defined. We understand from those who have carefully collated all the statutes upon the subject that there is no authority specifically granted to appropriate the rooms. The original design contemplated a certain distribution of space. The Senate and the Assembly chambers, the Governor's rooms, the Library, the Court of Appeals room, were all included in the original plan. But we can not learn that the plan was ever authoritatively and finally adopted by the Legislature or by its representatives. The result is that the Comptroller states that some of the departments will have no accommodation whatever in the new Capitol.

Obviously this is a matter for the Legislature to consider. The question of authority should be definitely settled. It should be known whether the original distribution is binding, and how and by what authority changes of disposition may be made. The Court of Appeals is dissatisfied with its accommodations, and declines to occupy the hall designed for it. It is proposed to remove the Library to the rear of the building, from the noble hall intended for it upon the front, through which the balcony was to be reached. This change may be desirable. But meanwhile the Legislature should inquire into the whole subject, and ascertain what the law actually provides and requires. Who, for instance, shall decide what branches of the government must seek quarters elsewhere? What remedy is there for departments which are not accommodated in the Capitol merely because they have not applied for rooms? Is a department not to have a place in the Capitol because its head, retiring from office, did not care to trouble himself to secure it? The whole subject is confused, and there should be no delay in a legislative settlement of it.

THE WAYS OF JOHN BULL.

THE tenacious conservatism of John Bull is shown in the fact mentioned by Mr. DE YONGE in his continuation of HALLAM's *Constitutional History of England*, just published by the HARPERS, that the standing order forbidding the publication of Parliamentary debates has never been repealed. For many years, indeed, HANSARD has published the debates, and his record is a standard authority, quoted in the Houses themselves. But it is, nevertheless, an illegal publication, and the publisher may be summoned at any time to answer for his breach of the order.

The plea suggested by DE YONGE for not repealing the order is that it is practical wisdom to retain a power which may be useful. Indeed, he says the order has been enforced in one or two instances during the present reign, when the debate wandered into details whose publication it was thought would be morally pernicious.

Mr. DE YONGE's work is exceedingly interesting, and while his sympathies are Toryish, his tone is very candid. There is nowhere a better and fairer brief statement of the legal and constitutional argument involved in our Revolutionary discussions, Mr. DE YONGE agreeing with BURKE that it was useless to argue the abstract question of right when a policy is inexpedient. But he holds that the ministerial view of the constitutional power of Parliament was correct, and Lord CHATHAM's wrong, while with all sensible Englishmen he deplores the folly of the ministry, or, more truly, of the King.

PATTI AND GERSTER.

AFTER a long operatic silence, there is an embarrassment of vocal riches. Madame GERSTER warbles at Booth's, and Madame PATTI at the Germania Theatre. The old operas, full of various and tender association with elderly youth and opera-goers of the last generation, *Lucia, La Sonnambula, Il Trovatore, Il Barbiere,* and even *Il Flauto Magico,* figure upon the bills, and promise great delight. Madame PATTI has given her opinion of Madame GERSTER as a singer, and the public has its opinion of Madame PATTI. But although the genius of discord delights to haunt the world of music, there is no reason why in this instance we should not refuse to choose between the red rose and the white, and insist that each is sweeter than the other.

GERSTER's Amina a year or two since was as charming as any since JENNY LIND's. JENNY LIND was the incomparable Amina. She gave it a character which made it stand for all innocent and lovely peasanthood. The opera, when she sang it, was a beautiful and tender idyl. It belonged in poetic suggestiveness to the same art as JEFFERSON's Rip Van Winkle. No one, probably, who recalls JENNY LIND in that opera, compares any other singer with her, however delightful and lovely the singer may be. Yet, in the prime of her power and triumph, when she sang Amina one evening in Berlin, OLE BULL said, admonishingly, to a young enthusiast, "Undoubtedly; but you should have seen MALIBRAN!"

We trust that in the Italian opera Madame PATTI will dissolve in measured sweetness long drawn out the untoward impressions of her visit earlier in the season. By some infelicity, however exquisitely she sang, she and the public were not in accord. Engrossed with her European triumphs, she had perhaps forgotten that the musically crude New York which she remembered had grown into a great musical capital. Its conquest is a task worthy of her utmost skill.

PERSONAL.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON ROUZAUD has many friends in New York who sympathize with her in the deep affliction she is undergoing by the mental troubles of her husband. They were a very domestic and devoted couple, always dining together at home, and seldom separated excepting when she was performing in opera. M. ROUZAUD never touched any of his wife's money for any speculation. His business brought him from $20,000 to $30,000 a year. When Mlle. NILSSON married and gave up singing, she had about $400,000, nearly half of which she afterward lost in unproductive speculations; but she has still the income of at least $200,000, and can add rapidly and largely to it whenever she resumes professional activity.

—Mr. BENJAMIN P. CHENEY, of Boston, has the practical idea of it. Having presented to the town of Cheney, in Washington Territory, a school-house, he has sent a staff of teachers at his own expense to establish the institution.

—Vice-President DAVID DAVIS, according to a paragraph in the Washington correspondence of the Providence *Journal*, is re-investing the chair of the Senate with its ancient dignity. HANNIBAL HAMLIN and HENRY WILSON when they were Vice-Presidents resided at a second-rate hotel much frequented by the Indian delegations who came to see their Great Father. Mr. COLFAX lived very quietly while Vice-President, and so did Mr. WHEELER, who used to be away a great deal, when the local reporters would say, "The Vice-President has gone a-fishing." Mr. WHEELER, in alluding to this, said that he never went a-fishing but once in his life, and then he did not catch anything.

—The new Senator-elect from Iowa, JAMES F. WILSON, is above the medium height, with a compact, square figure, solid neck, and square head, covered with hair, now quite gray. He is a plain, determined-looking man, who is popular from his democratic manners rather than from any effort to please.

—Since the President has occasionally enjoyed the pleasure of dining out he has been so beset with invitations as to draw the line where he will accept, and this, it is said, he has drawn on Senators. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Star*, who is *au fait* in these matters, says there are not over fifteen Senators who ever ask any one to dinner. "DON CAMERON, JONES of Nevada, and PENDLETON of Ohio give the most dinners, and probably the best. EDMUNDS, BAYARD, ALLISON, and WINDOM give dinners frequently, but they have the number few at a time. HALE, SHERMAN, MAHONE, DAVIS of Illinois, HILL of Colorado, FAIR, MILLER of California, and SAWYER complete the fifteen. The Southern Senators rarely fail to accept an invitation to dinner, but I have never heard of one giving a dinner. MAHONE is the only exception to the rule." Mr. FLOWER, of New York, is the champion dinner-giver this winter. He has three a week.

—MR. JOHN KELLY, who has gone for a month to Florida, is said to have had a recurrence of a mental ailment from which he suffered a few years ago, and which occasioned serious anxiety among his family and friends.

—Mr. CHARLES GODFREY LELAND is said to have practical mechanical genius in various ways. His rooms are decorated with results of his own handiwork, such as brass-work, wood-carving, and musical instruments, and plaques and vases of his own painting.

—Hon. S. S. COX, whose letters to the New York *Sun* during his recent trip to the East were widely read and admired, said to a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer:* "I wrote a good many newspaper letters, and all of them came through safely but the one in which I described my presentation to the Sultan. It was the most interesting that I wrote. That never came to hand, and I never could write it again. LEW WALLACE, our minister, obtained the presentation for me, while my wife was allowed, without my company, however, to go to the seraglio, and to see the female life of the Sultan's household."

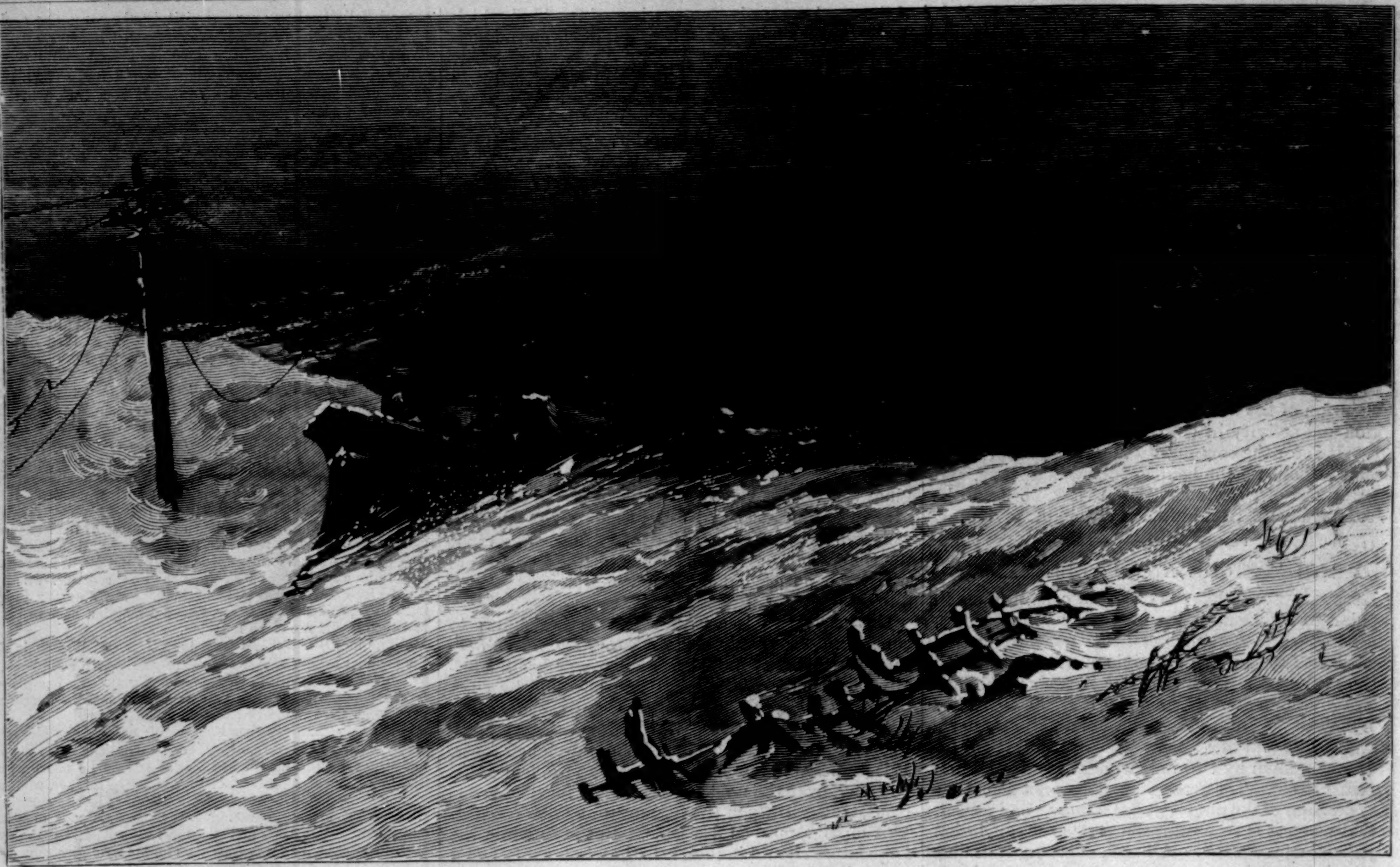
—Mrs. JAMES K. POLK, who is now seventy-seven, and nearly thirty-three years a widow, is very sprightly, and enjoys company. Her old two-story brick homestead is within a stone's-throw of the State-house at Nashville, and the Legislature never assembles without sending a message of congratulation to her. The POLK estate has been kept in good shape, and is supposed to be worth about $75,000.

—The late Mrs. SARAH GAGE, of Hudson, New York, whose will was recently admitted to probate, left $20,000 to the St. Lawrence University, at Canton, St. Lawrence County, New York, $20,000 to the New York State Convention of Universalists, to be used for missionary purposes, and $5000 to other Universalist institutions.

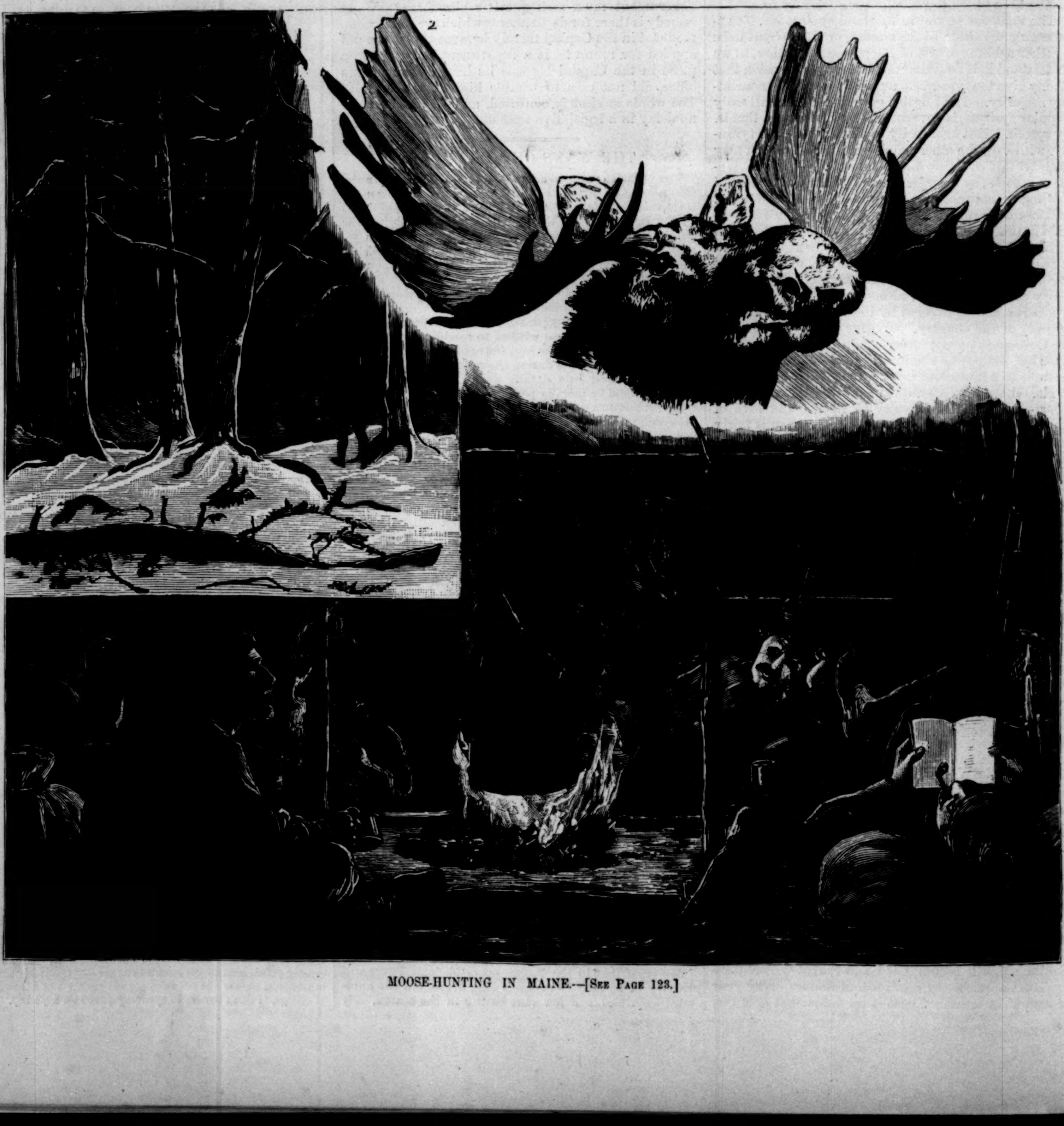
—Minister MORTON is already in the front rank of entertainers, and his dinners are said to command the admiration of men who are very exacting in that matter. The members of the French cabinet gave a very striking proof of courtesy and consideration for him recently when, in order to accept his invitation to dine, the cabinet council, which is usually held in the evening, was convened in the morning.

—Mr. CORCORAN is the only Washington banker who has "come to the rescue" of great statesmen at the right time and in an imperial way. After Mr. WEBSTER had delivered his famous 7th of March speech, which provoked from WHITTIER his equally famous poem, "Ichabod," Mr. CORCORAN inclosed to Mrs. WEBSTER her husband's note for $10,000, loaned to him by Mr. CORCORAN. WEBSTER met Mr. CORCORAN at an entertainment that evening, and grasping his hand, said, "That was a princely action of yours, CORCORAN." Mr. CORCORAN still preserves the beautiful letter of thanks written by WEBSTER.

—The Harvard men at Chicago had a dinner recently at which they had the presence of President ELIOT, who told them this little romance, greatly to their delectation: "Two years and a half ago there appeared in Cambridge, just before the examination for admission, a young man of rough exterior, who came from a small village in New York, where his father earned a scanty living as a stone-mason. He came to see me before the examination, and stated, among other things, that he never had any teacher in Greek, Latin, or German; that he had begun to learn these three languages only sixteen months before; that out of these sixteen months he had worked ten at his trade as a stone-mason, and that his entire quick capital was $10. To my astonishment he passed an excellent examination, succeeding in every subject except Greek composition, which he had never tried to learn. He was taken care of at Cambridge, as many another has been, and in his first year won a scholarship. When I asked that young man how he learned anything about remote Harvard, and on what grounds he selected it as his college among the four hundred colleges of the country, he gave me this interesting answer: 'I got by accident an old dictionary of American biography and read it through, and it seemed to me that most famous Americans had been educated at Harvard.'" President ELIOT added that the university wanted young men who had something in them. "As a remarkably discerning father said to the dean the other day about his son, who in technical phrase was not fulfilling the purposes of his residence at college, 'I don't believe in spending $2000 on a $2 boy.'"



A SNOW-STORM ON THE PLAINS—BREAKING THROUGH THE DRIFTS.—Drawn by P. Feenzeny.—[See Page 119.]



MOOSE-HUNTING IN MAINE.—[See Page 123.]

"HEART OF GOLD! KINDEST OF MEN!"

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1313, Vol. XXVI.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

AUTHOR OF "KITTY."

III.

"HEART of gold! kindest of men!"

"Insupportable tyrant! officious prig!"

The exclamations were uttered by both girls in a breath as the retreating figure of Dr. Edouard vanished behind the orchard trees. They looked into each other's face and laughed outright at the incongruity of their speeches.

"You can not really entertain a handsome opinion of a man like that?" Hilda cried, flushing with indignation; "a man who evidently holds women only good to be trampled on! Recall his manner too."

She rose from her kneeling posture at her friend's feet, and thereupon, with admirable mimetic power, somewhat tinged with malice, imitated Dr. Edouard's authoritative speech to her a few minutes ago.

The caricature was so perfect that, though greatly vexed and mortified, Hildegarde could not restrain another merry laugh.

"You would turn the very saints into ridicule," she said, embracing the mimic with the passionate, admiring fondness of childish days. "But, indeed, Hilda, you must learn to love Dr. Edouard."

"Love him!" cried Hilda, with a gesture of disgust; "Heaven forbid! We are taught to forgive our enemies, but there is nothing said in the Catechism against making fun of them."

"I am sure Dr. Edouard is no one's enemy, much less yours, dear Hilda," replied Hildegarde. "But he does not understand your sprightly ways, and, like all doctors, he is somewhat masterful."

"His masterfulness has nothing to do with his profession; it is inrooted in his character. No, Hildegarde—ah! pardon me for forgetting the difference of rank between us—"

The princess pressed her hand deprecatingly, and Hilda went on, once more in her favorite attitude, kneeling on the ground beside her friend. "No, it is not professional presumptuousness I should ever complain of in Dr. Edouard or any other physician. A man can only carry his purpose by means of authoritativeness. But I see in him a spirit that characterizes all the rising young men of our day, a spirit of antagonism to women."

"Heavens, Hilda, what may you mean? Such ideas are quite new to me."

"I mean just this, that Dr. Edouard recognizes in me the typical woman of the future—a woman who aspires to be man's equal in everything. Would grandmamma permit it, I should go to Zürich now for the purpose of studying medicine and obtaining my medical diploma there. What would Dr. Edouard have said in such a case?"

"I believe he is quite a different Dr. Edouard to the one you have in your imagination," Hildegarde said, blushing deeply. "In any case you must love him for my sake."

"I would love the arch-fiend himself for your sake," the girl replied, her wild mood dashed by Hildegarde's agitated blush. "My own little sister, what ails you?"

As she said this, looking into her foster-sister's face with deep concern, Hildegarde's embarrassment had increased. She turned away her face, her bosom heaved; Hilda divined that she was on the verge of bursting into tears.

"Do not forbid me to weep," she said, putting away Hilda's deprecatory hand. "Tears are the only medicine I need now, and you know" (here she smiled whilst the tears ran down) "I have been quite well for days past. It was only Dr. Edouard's—"

"Spirit of domination," put in Hilda.

"—Dr. Edouard's more than care for me that has kept me an invalid so long," Hildegarde added, reprovingly. "I am well enough to weep my heart out, as I will, as I must. Oh, Hilda! my sister, my only friend! The joy of it, the despair of it! I love him. I, the Grand Duke's grand-niece, I love Dr. Edouard, the village doctor."

Hilda was not to be dismayed, at least outwardly.

"Love is the sport of a summer day; it comes and goes," she said, whilst the princess wept on. "Let love of Dr. Edouard make you happy whilst it can," she added, "and by-and-by" (here she drew away the other's hands from her streaming eyes)—"by-and-by you will be content to forget romance, and marry some fine prince, or king it may be, not for love, but for things more durable."

"You jest, or I should feel that I had my friend no longer. You can not entertain such ideas as those," Hildegarde said, drying her tears. "But be serious; let me take counsel with you, for it is as I say, and nothing can make it otherwise."

"Then I see little counsel to be given, or comfort either, my poor Hildegarde. No greater misfortune could have happened to you."

"Oh, Hilda! I feel it, I know it. The mischief is done, and there is no mending it."

"Nothing in the way of presumption on his part would astonish me. Pray forgive the speech, darling; I will be careful in future. But that *you* should be able to overlook his plebeian birth and manners—well, to say the least of it, Hildegarde, so wanting in polish and good tone—that does astonish me."

"You are doing Dr. Edouard great injustice. Pray listen, Hilda. He has never breathed a single word to me of reciprocated feeling as yet. The impudence, the want of propriety, the audacity, are all on my side."

"Are you not sure that he cares for you, then?" asked Hilda, unable to conceal a slight shade of contempt. Her exalted notions about her sex were receiving a considerable shock.

"I hope, I believe, yes. I am quite sure that he loves me," cried the impulsive Hildegarde; "only of course pride forbids him to open his lips—pride and the tenderest consideration for me. He does not think of himself—"

"Then he is wholly unlike the rest of mankind. But go on, my darling; I interrupt."

"You must have noticed a look of trouble, of sorrow not unmixed with joy, in his countenance during these last few days," resumed Hildegarde. "He has come and come, although, you know, my dear, I have been absolutely well for weeks past; and he has talked of a last visit so reluctantly. Oh, Hilda!" (here she again burst into tears, and leaned her face against her friend's breast), "tell me how things may come right between us two."

"Courage! courage! Tears or despondency never won a battle yet, and your case is not absolutely hopeless."

"Is it not? What can happen to make it possible for Dr. Edouard to marry me?"

"A great many events might make it possible," Hilda replied, with mock-gravity. "Annexation, revolution, a Socialist rising. Your great-uncle's independence as a sovereign" (here she spoke quite seriously) "is said not to be worth a twelvemonth's purchase. Prussia's mouth has long been watering for his dominions, as all the world knows."

"Indeed, I had no idea of it," replied the young princess, somewhat perplexed to see the bearing of Hilda's prognostications on her future and that of Dr. Edouard. "Would annexation, revolution, or Socialist risings compel my great-uncle to retire into private life, then?"

"Most likely; and if none of these changes were to take place," Hilda said, bent on cheering up her companion at any price, "a thousand unlooked-for possibilities may bring about the fulfillment of your wishes."

"You think of a thousand, and not one have I been able to discern as I look into the gloomy future. Oh, Hilda, make haste, and tell me what they are."

"You may be forgotten six years now as you were forgotten six years before. You would be of age. You could then marry Dr. Edouard."

"But all marriages contracted by members of our family must be ratified by the Grand Duke himself."

"The Grand Duke may die, and your marriage might take place before the Hereditary Grand Duke, a minor, comes of age."

"And what else might happen?" Hildegarde asked, anxiously.

"You may not only be forgotten for six years, but forgotten altogether."

"Oh, would that I were! That would be bliss indeed. And what else, dearest Hilda?"

"You may wring permission from the Grand Duke to marry whom you please, on consenting to renounce your title."

"Never! never! You do not know my great-uncle. He would let me shut myself up in a convent, or remain single, a wretched dependent all my days, but marry a humble village doctor! Never!"

"Dr. Edouard may discover some lapsed title of nobility in his family. He may buy back the title, may offer himself as your suitor in the light of a veritable grandee."

"Ah, that, I fear, is hopeless too. He is too proud," replied the poor girl. "Have you no other hopes and possibilities to place before me, Hilda?"

"Hopes and possibilities are not to be numbered. They are like the stars, or the sands of the sea. But I will tell you how you may be saved for once and for all."

Hildegarde flushed, and she fixed her eyes expectantly on her companion's face.

"Your fate, like that of every other reasonable being, is in your own hands. The time is gone by, thank Heaven! when a girl of spirit is treated like a piece of merchandise or a slave. If you can not compel your relations to sanction your marriage with Dr. Edouard, at least they can not force you into marrying any one else. What you have to do is this: suffer yourself under no persuasions or threats to be led into contracting an engagement till you are of age. In the mean time the marriage laws of the country may be altered. Or, in case of the Grand Duke's death—it is not inhuman to foresee the death of a man nearly ninety—in case of the Grand Duke's death, you may obtain permission of his successor to marry whom you please. Fortunately for you, my darling, you belong only to a collateral branch of this proud family, and if you could slip into private life quietly and without scandal, perhaps your cousins and second cousins, the haughty princesses who seem to love you so little, might not be ill content."

"They hardly know me, indeed. I have been kept as a veritable prisoner in the school-room, and the only two souls who loved me since I went away I shall never see again. My faithful maid is dead, and my dear old governess, Madame Le Grace, has returned to her own country. How can I ever go back? If I could only believe in the future you place before me!"

"Well, there is no question of going back at present, and to-day's *Gazette* reports the departure of the court for Nice. You would only be an extra expense—the Grand Duke's parsimonious ways are well known by his faithful subjects, dear Hildegarde. So make your mind easy that you will be here when Christmas comes to prepare for the Christ-kind, as in the old days."

Thus saying, Hilda kissed her foster-sister fondly, and brought back smiles to that sweet questioning face.

"Let us now talk, not of separation and dreariness, but of little cheerful things we have to do," she added, in her usual superior, dominating way. "I will at once procure you the materials for working Dr. Edouard a pair of slippers, and whilst working them you can tell me all about the court and the grand doings there. I should like it a thousand times better than any novel."

Hildegarde opened her eyes.

"Do you not know it?" she asked, with a look of astonishment. "I know as little of these things as when I went away six years ago. No, Hilda, I want nothing so much as to talk of something else," she added, archly.

But Hilda's curiosity would be satisfied.

"Tell me, at least, what became of you. You must have seen the Grand Duke and the princesses your cousins. You must have been at the palace."

Again Hildegarde opened wide her large blue eyes.

"From the day that I left you," she said, "I have been lonelier than a prisoner. Not that I was unhappy, or unkindly treated. My dear Madame Le Grace! my good kind Hannchen! How I loved them! and poor Hannchen, you know, is dead. But I will tell you the whole story from the beginning."

Hilda held up an admonitory finger.

"You know the tyrant's orders! Not too much talking, and none that can distress you, as yet."

Hildegarde had indeed tears in her eyes as she mentioned the name of her maid Hannchen, and she could not resist a few words more, although the subject evidently distressed her.

"I lived entirely with those two," she went on; "sometimes in the winter-palace, sometimes in the country, but never when the court was there. And just as I had quitted the school-room, and was to be introduced, I fell ill of this fever. I do not wonder that everybody was angry with me, and that I was sent away."

"Well," Hilda said, "we will be as happy now as the day is long, and I will talk Dr. Edouard from morning to night if you will only consent to take me back as your companion—your *lectrice*, that is the word."

"Do not let us talk of going back at all," Hildegarde replied, with a deprecatory shudder; "although, indeed, for a time life might be bearable there if you were with me."

"So we will first make up our minds that you are to stay with us for months, perhaps years. We will next fully persuade ourselves that on your return no engagement will be forced on you, and that some fortuitous chain of events may render your marriage with Dr. Edouard possible; and lastly, we will feel certain that so long as you have to be at the Schloss I shall obtain permission to keep you company."

"How delightfully things come right in your mind always, dear Hilda!"

"Things were never intended to go wrong in the world," was the reply. "If we all knew exactly what we were about, and what we ought to be about, everybody's life would run as smoothly as on wheels. And now I will fetch your coffee."

IV.

A week after the girlish confabulation on that mellow October afternoon, the first flakes of snow fell on the distant hills; yet a week later, the South German winter had set in with more than usual force. The far-off mountain ranges glittered in the sun, the pastures were one vast wilderness of snow, the forest trees groaned under their heavy load, and the frozen lakes and rivers would have borne the passage of an army. The sky and earth had been metamorphosed as if by magic; that brilliant speckless vault of azure overhead, that dazzling asbestine globe below, having little in common with the leaden heavens and dull brown earth of yesterday. There was a grandiose element in the winter aspect of this Suabian landscape which in summer it wholly wanted. Unsightly spots were veiled over, turgid pools transformed into glassy sheets, even the squalid tenement of the Bauer was softened and dignified by its white vesture.

All was splendid, solemn, yet exhilarating—to the young and robust, at least, it could but be so. The winter meant to them an accession of animal spirits, induced by the excitement of skating and its attendant socialities. It meant also a greater degree of freedom from conventional trammels, and all kinds of enjoyment impossible at any other season of the year. Severe monitors in the form of stern grandparents or guardians vanish from the scene as if by magic, also, with the first rude pinch of frost. Frau Anna, after the fashion of elderly folks in those parts, immediately retired to her chamber, where, putting up her inner windows, she resigned herself to a kind of hibernation till the spring, then to emerge as alert and vigorous as before.

To the poor trembling Hildegarde every flake of snow wore the guise of a guardian fairy. She knew that the inroad of winter meant security for her. Remote from the court, remote from a railway, remote from any centre of civilization, she was safe, at least for a time. She might breathe freely till the snow melted.

"Pray do come in, Dr. Edouard," said Hilda to the young physician, as, furred to the chin, he appeared in the midst of a tremendous snow-storm to ask after his patient.

Dr. Edouard hesitated modestly. His somewhat satirical, biting humor seemed sobering down. He looked almost shy, almost wanting Hilda's encouragement.

"Come in," reiterated Hilda, sharply, delighted to have her turn at domineering—feeling indeed that her hour of triumph was come, as far as Dr. Edouard was concerned—"or" (here she laughed with great sauciness) "I shut the door upon you once and for all. But your patient expects you, I dare say."

Dr. Edouard blushed an honest, manly blush.

"Nay, that can not be," he replied, "for she is now quite well, and I have no excuse for coming at all."

"You can invent a very plausible one, I have no doubt," Miss Hilda said, helping him off with his fur coat with a half-sisterly friendliness. Then he unfastened his leggings, and followed her into the parlor, Hilda flinging open the door wide to announce him, then shutting it again.

For half a second, however, she put in her pretty head to say, in the most matter-of-fact manner: "Excuse me, dearest Hildegarde" (she was fully at liberty to drop obsequious titles in Dr. Edouard's presence, love, in her eyes, making them both nobodies), "but my ham-pickle is on the fire; it must be stirred every moment. Were Dr. Edouard about to amputate a limb, I could not attend just now."

With that she darted back to her ham-pickling in the huge kitchen, singing to the top of her voice over her work, giving as much audible account of herself as she could. "Men think so meanly of women," she thought; "at least Dr. Edouard does. He may imagine me listening at the door."

It was little that a stealthy listener would have got for his pains just then. Young lovers, as a rule, are the reverse of eloquent. Dr. Edouard, for the first time, felt strangely ill at ease when he now found himself alone with Hildegarde. Hitherto she had been in his eyes only a fair, clinging, grateful girl; to-day a certain undefinable something reminded him of her rank. Hildegarde's overwhelming shyness forced her into a reserve he might well at the first blush take for pride.

"I have come, but I must come no more," he said at last, standing before the trembling figure, so fair in its winter habiliment of dark green fur-bordered cloth. "I ought not to have come to-day."

Hildegarde sat with folded hands, quivering lips, and down-dropped eyelids, from which the tears soon began to steal slowly down.

"Forgive me," he began; then realizing the meaning of her measured welcome, and feeling compelled by the sight of her tears to resume the old playful authoritativeness, he added: "I have been wrong, and you not wholly free from blame. Why did you not tread me underfoot? Why did you not treat me like a base-born underling?"

He had used the strongest epithets he could think of, and the exaggerated phrase, combined with an irresistible desire to console, made him bend toward her smilingly. The sympathy born of youth and love would have its way. Neither knew how it was, but in a moment their secret was told without a word, and he was kissing away her tears.

"I have told Hilda," said Hildegarde, after a time. "We must trust her in everything."

"It would be hard to do otherwise," was the reply.

"Oh! have no fear where Hilda is concerned; she loves me better than anything in the world, and is loyalty itself."

"That I never doubted, but she must rule well;" here the young doctor laughed. "We are entirely in her hands, so we are bound to let Fräulein Hilda do with us as she will."

And true enough, having left the lovers as she thought long enough together, Hilda, with preliminary warnings, now dashed in, saying, as she took in the situation at a glance: "Dr. Edouard, will you please take us on the ice as soon as the snow-storm is well over? I have ordered" (here she glanced significantly at Hildegarde, as much as to say that in the eyes of all present she was a princess no longer)—"I have ordered Hildegarde some skates. She declares that she is a poor skater. We must instruct her."

Dr. Edouard took very kindly to Hilda's way of looking at things.

"With pleasure. The skating season promises to be superb, and the exercise is the very thing for—for—her," he stammered.

"Why not say Hildegarde, and have done with it?" said Miss Hilda, sharply. "She is Hildegarde to you and to me, is she not?"

And saying that, she took her foster-sister's hand protectingly in her own.

"Shall it be so?" Dr. Edouard asked, turning to the happy girl beside him. "Well, let it be so as long as the ice lasts, anyhow," he added; and then all three entered gayly into their skating projects. Dr. Edouard and Hilda were glorious skaters, and up to this time it had only been as a skater that she tolerated her somewhat sarcastic neighbor. The pair were soon friendly on the ice, and would occasionally perform beautiful feats, to the delight of the staring village-folk. It was now decided that for the sake of giving Hildegarde freer enjoyment of the pastime, they should not skate immediately under the eyes of gossipy acquaintances, but go farther afield, about two miles off, and what was a four miles' walk to two young girls in robust health? Shut in by gently sloping hills lay a lakelet they were pretty sure of having to themselves. Here, at least for the present, they determined to indulge in the incomparable sport, and for days before the first essay both girls were busy in preparing their dresses.

"The dresses shall be both alike, and I will tell you why," Hilda said, as the two girls stood lost in admiration before a pile of rich-colored cloths, conveniently brought to the door by a peddler. In those out-of-the-way villages, indeed, removed as they were from anything to be called a town by a long day's stage-coach journey, the spirit of coquetry would be extinguished altogether. Many rustic beauties never did their shopping in any other way, and were thus tolerably well supplied with the fashions of capitals. The first note of the siskin in the woods, the first bud of waxen green, brought the welcome peddler and his pack to the doors of his pretty customers; and just when the gay summer gowns and straw hats were being put aside, lo! he would appear again, bringing warm furs, beaver hats, scarlet stockings, and beautiful birds' feathers, not to speak of homelier commodities for the old and rheumatic.

To-day he had brought an unwonted variety of those soft, glossy, warm-hued cloths Eastern travellers are accustomed to admire in the costume of their dragomen, having no idea that they are in reality manufactured in Saxony, more especially for Oriental markets. Sky-blues, rich plum-color, olive-green, delicious cinnamon-brown, the peculiarly rich orange seen in wings of certain tropic birds, and deepest velvety purple, all were now displayed to the bewildered Hilda and her companion.

"The dresses shall be both alke," repeated Hilda, when the peddler had quitted them for a few moments in search of a forgotten pack. "We are very nearly of a size and of the same stature. Our hair is precisely the same color, and our features those of twin sisters. By being dressed precisely in the same manner we shall be better able to confuse people as to our identity. With your veil drawn, I am sure even Kurt, the herd-boy, might take you for me. You see, dearest Hildegarde, it will be so mightily convenient for us sometimes to pass off for one another. But more of that by-and-by. Now for the choice."

After an unusual amount of deliberation, Hilda decided—it was ever Hilda who decided everything—for the most piquant, bewitching combination of colors in the world. The dresses must not be too conspicuous—that was understood; but they must be becoming and appropriate. So the richest, glossiest, most feathery-colored green was chosen, to be bordered by white grebes' wings, "in order to make us," Miss Hilda said, "look like lovely birds skimming over the lake." How could she help knowing that she was lovely? There was no kind of vanity in the speech, only the gratitude of an appreciative spirit.

The peddler paid and dismissed, Hilda set to work, Hildegarde helping in the humblest, most obsequious way. Every German girl learns to make her gowns as a matter of course, and Hilda was not likely to be behindhand in an art so important to her appearance and well-being. For, let cynics sneer, the well-dressed woman has ever a thousand more chances of success in worldly matters than the unfortunate wretch who has never learned how to tie her bonnet-strings.

In a week the snow-storm was over, the exquisite garments ready, and the happy trio started for their first expedition on the lake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "COW-BOYS" OF ARIZONA.

There is a flavor of Revolutionary times in the facts recently reported to Congress in regard to the lawlessness which prevails in certain portions of the thriving Territory of Arizona, and particularly in the references to certain active members of frontier society known popularly as "Cow-boys." Like the famous fellows whose name they have inherited, these free riders of the mountains have a special fondness for cattle, and very little scruple as to the herds from which they take them. It is stated by the acting Governor of Arizona, Mr. Gosper by name, that in number the "Cow-boys" do not exceed fifty. They make the field of their operations, for the most part, in the county of Cachise (so named from a whitish stone found in the silver mines), and their head-quarters are in the town with the highly characteristic title of Tombstone. Here they have peculiar sway. Their regular calling is "stampeding" cattle from the pastures on the hill-sides and in the valleys, or "coolies," and stealing such as they can safely take after the herd has been sent scampering. This life is toilsome and adventurous, but irregular, and the "Cow-boys" seek relief from it in the drinking saloons, gambling hells, and brothels of the Tombstone publicans, and in now and again taking part in the political struggles of the community. By means of their liberal expenditures, and the more or less clandestine relations they maintain with the trades-people of the town, they exert considerable influence, and, as is not an unknown practice in more settled sections, the ambitious find their account in propitiating rather than in seeking to punish the law-breakers. We grieve to say that the sheriff on the one hand, and the police authorities of Tombstone on the other, vie with each other in courting these highwaymen, and we have official sanction for adding that the press has also been demoralized. "Largely through selfish motives of gain," says the Executive of Arizona, the two newspapers have consented to silence that voice of impartial criticism and stern devotion to the public interest of which they should make themselves the organs.

One of these journalistic sinners receives the county printing from the sheriff, the other the city patronage from the police, and so justice goes unchampioned in the metropolis of Cachise County, the city of Tombstone. It is to such facts, according to the acting Governor, that is due the success of this half-hundred of daring cattle thieves.

From the time when the Scottish clans made forays into the Lowlands to "lift" the unguarded cattle, and the later days when well-mounted freebooters raided the pastures and the farm-yards of Westchester County between the British and the American lines, to the still later period when the "bummers" on the march to the sea lived luxuriously on the beef of Union men and rebels alike, there has always been a fascination in the calling of cattle thief in unsettled territory and in stormy times. The alternation of adventure and ease, the dash, the danger, and the triumph of successful operations, followed by the wild debauch, and the intervals of loafing, appeal to the disordered passions and ill-regulated energies of the border. To these in Arizona, it seems, are added the charms of political consideration and a certain social distinction. Leaders are easily found among the more daring and vigorous scamps of the mining camps, who exercise a rude but powerful rule over their followers, and "work" the various instrumentalities supplied by the motley and confused community. In the present instance it is the Americans of pure blood who act as leaders, while in their bands are found many a Mexican and half-breed. The reports of the acting Governor of Arizona and Secretary Kirkwood present a curious picture of life in the remoter settlements on the confines of civilization. But remembering the immunity of rowdyism and plunder in New York under the Tweed *régime*, and the recent reported compact between the police of New Orleans and the thieves who went down to attend the Sullivan-Ryan prize-fight, by which the latter were allowed to come and go undisturbed on condition that they should not steal during their unlawful visit, we can not boast of too great superiority to Tombstone in our relations to the criminal classes.

The Arizona "Cow-boys" meantime threaten to become of national importance. The President has recommended that the law be amended so as to allow the civil authorities to call in the cavalry as a *posse comitatus*. Undoubtedly the cavalry would make short work with the thieving bands, but, on the one hand, it is doubtful whether the civil authorities would call upon the cavalry, and, on the other hand, many Senators and Representatives are opposed to the employment of the army for civil purposes. Our poor skeleton army, scattered in little squads of a score or so each along the wide border-land from the Rio Grande to the mountains of Montana, has still a mysterious terror for the devotees of the "supremacy of the civil over the military power." One would say that fat and comfortable Senators go to bed within the shadow of the Capitol dome expecting to be awakened by a corporal's guard, ready to lead them to some Washington Mazas, to await the sentence of an American Napoleon III. But this superstition, born of mingled political prejudice and a tradition of a state of things which went out when George III. died, ought not to interfere with the provision of some adequate police force for a Territory for the good order of which the Federal government is directly responsible.

METHODS OF BUILDING.

It would seem that there is no necessity of burying a score or more of human beings alive in order to satisfy ourselves that there is a limit to the load that a wall of a certain thickness will carry, or of burning a dozen peaceable citizens in their offices in order to determine the fact that flammable materials in connection with defective flues will sooner or later take fire, and that narrow, tortuous passages, with wood partitions on each hand, are not safe avenues of escape from conflagration, and yet this tentative method has been adopted in most of the cities of the United States. We improve our fire departments, and glory in their perfection as compared with similar institutions the world over, while our departments for the inspection and supervision of building operations, whose perfection in older countries has rendered our elaborate fire-extinguishing and life-saving apparatus unnecessary, are inadequate and inefficient in every essential.

Here and there a capitalist or a corporation erects a building that is a monument of precaution, but this is an acknowledgment of surrounding danger, and as long as general conflagrations are possible, such expensive structures will be necessary for certain kinds of business, and even for dwellings. It would not be possible or necessary to insist that the precautions observed in our "fire-proof" buildings should obtain in all buildings within city limits, but the cheap methods of preventing the spread of fire that are enforced in Paris would render much of our "fire-proof" construction unnecessary, and relieve our fire departments of half their labor. The preventive measures are mainly and simply the filling up of all air spaces whatsoever with plaster, on the principle that fire can not live without air; and to this precaution, enforced by municipal authority, many French insurance companies add the watchful care of the landlord by refusing to accept liability for damage to the building in which the fire originates.

Our present laws relating to building in New York city are in many respects excellent, but the machinery for enforcement is lacking. It is impossible for a handful of inspectors, if they were individually all that could be desired, and were clothed with the necessary authority, to prevent violations of law in the three thousand buildings erected annually in New York city. Even the well-intentioned architect finds it difficult to get his instructions carried out in the few buildings under his control by constant supervision. Recognizing the many difficulties to be overcome, we must sooner or later adopt the tried and proved methods of foreign cities, where it is found necessary to employ competent persons to

constantly superintend building operations, and to retain at the public expense a sufficient number of expert inspectors to insure the performance of their duty. Of course heavy penalties must be exacted for carelessness, or for connivance, or for collusion, and all concerned in any failure must be made responsible.

In France an architect is held liable to the whole extent of his means for the excellence of the work he is intrusted with, so that he shall feel no temptation to make concessions to the parsimony of a client. But in the event of a catastrophe, the enforcement of the penalty against the architect does not absolve the "clerk of the works," the contractor, or the district inspector; on the contrary, that none of them have reported an irregularity is accepted as evidence of collusion, and they are treated accordingly, without the ambiguous recommendation of a coroner's jury. ALEXANDER F. OAKEY.

AN EXILE FROM RUSSIA.

Up busy Broadway came a strange, sad crowd,
With Syrian faces and Sclavonic dress;
Their aspect patient, sorrowful, and proud,
Wanderers and exiles in the sorest stress.

Then to their leader, a man grave and old,
Spoke thus a youth, with youth's kind glowing face;
"Father, thy blessing! Do not count me bold:
Behold, I too am one of Jacob's race,

"And fain would know thy country and thy name."
"The God of Jacob shield thee! As for me,
I have no country, and in blood and flame
My name went out: from such woe God keep thee!

"As strangers evilly entreated, long
We dwelt beneath the Czar's unhappy sway.
Our careful industry but brought us wrong;
Our hard-earned wealth but made us richer prey.

"It was not war, but hate and bigot greed,
That fired my home. O youth, in that rich flame
My four sons, fighting, perished. Do I need
To say I have no country and no name?

"I have no wife;" and then, with anguish wild,
"I have no daughter. Would that she had died
Ere she could lisp my name—my lovely child,
That grew like some sweet flower close to my side!

"Bereaved of wife, of sons, of home and wealth,
Hearing my daughter's cries through fire and strife,
Heart-broken, weary, without strength or health,
Here have I fled to spend the last of life.

"And if thou ask me for what end, 'tis so
That I may find a place in which to weep;
A place to pray for vengeance, for I know,
'Lo! He that keepeth Israel doth not sleep.'"

SNOW ON THE PLAINS.

A snow blockade is one of the most unpleasant adventures which travellers by railroad can encounter on the great plains of the West. To say nothing of the detention, which is always a nuisance to Americans, there is the danger of running short of fuel and provisions, especially when a train is blockaded on a wide stretch of thinly peopled territory. Instances have occurred where a train has been detained for several days before the track could be cleared, and the unfortunate passengers were nearly as much in danger of freezing or starving to death as if they had been wrecked on an arctic ice-field.

Extra precautions are of course taken when there is danger of a snow blockade, and passenger trains are furnished with several powerful locomotives to enable the engineers to push their way through ordinary drifts. It often happens that a train meets with an accumulation of snow which baffles repeated efforts to clear it from the track. In such cases the train is backed a considerable distance, and then rushed at full speed into the opposing drift. This manœuvre is sometimes repeated many times before success is attained. Our illustration on page 116 will give the reader a good idea of the obstacles and perils that beset a snow-blockaded train.

A FAIRY GODMOTHER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MADAME DUPONT, wrapped in a loose robe of some soft gray material, a faded cashmere shawl partly covering her, lay on the lounge before the bay-window that formed almost the entire front of her tiny cottage. Her large black eyes, their brightness somewhat dimmed by her long sickness, dwelt with dreamy pleasure on the landscape spread before her.

It was a very commonplace landscape, such as can be seen in any country place on any summer day—only a broad field, white with daisies, among which two or three brown cows patiently sought for tender blades of grass, with one tall stout tree standing midway, solitary and alone, and a background of dense tangled brush-wood. To careless eyes, scarce worth a careless glance; but to hers, so long shut out from sight of earth and sky, a scene most beautiful. The slender white wrinkled hands folded upon her breast were yet too weak to hold even one of her beloved books, and the small feet still lacked sufficient strength to sustain the frail body. But—thank Heaven!—the cruel pain had gone, and in its stead had come a blissful rest.

All through the fickle months of spring, taking no heed whether they smiled or wept, she had never raised her weary head from the pillow.

And the snow-drops and crocuses and scillæ and hyacinths and tulips had grown and budded and bloomed in her little garden, and she, who had hoped to watch them grow from the first green leaf to the perfect blossom, had only seen the few Viola had plucked and brought to her bedside, where, seen through a cloud of suffering, a shadow had fallen upon their beauty.

And now it was the heart of June, and the roses, gay in every shade of pink, climbing about the window, looked in, and entreated her to come out. But no: she could not hope to walk again among her flowers until the roses had faded and the lilies had begun to reign. And perhaps even this hope would not have been hers had it not been for the love and care and cheering words of Viola, the eldest daughter of the many daughters at the big farm-house. Kate, the strong, rough, Irish servant-maid, was kind and faithful in her way; but hers was money service, and left to it alone, she might have died; but Viola served for love (she had loved the pretty old madame since first they met), and love brings faith and hope and patience, and many other beautiful things.

For weeks the young girl came morn, noon, and eve, to stay an hour each time, and her visits were the only gleams of brightness that lighted that darkened room. And many the wee loaf of whitest bread, and golden pat of butter, and drink of sweet rich milk, and fresh-laid, pink-tinted egg, she brought to tempt the languid appetite; and many the song she sang, soft and low, to woo for the sick woman the angel of sleep.

And yet not only were they neither kith nor kin, but she knew naught of Madame Dupont save that she had built the four-roomed cottage the preceding spring, and had lived there since the last July in the humblest way.

There was a large family at the farm-house, and much work to be done—hard, unlovely work, the very thought of which often made the young girl, waking in the gray morning from pleasant dreams, clasp her hands and cry out, "Is this to be my life forever?" And had it not been for the glimpse of beauty she caught about her home—the far-off river gleaming in the sunlight or moonlight, the orchard trees white with blossoms in spring, and laden with fruit in summer and autumn, the shady woods where countless shy wild flowers hid from the glare of the world, the songs of the happy birds, and the grand sunsets behind the distant hills—she would have been heart-weary indeed. For she loved everything beautiful. And especially did she love music with all the tenderness of a creator, as madame discovered one day—the day they first saw each other, in fact, when Viola, coming on some errand to the cottage, stopped, entranced, on the threshold of the door to listen to a plaintive melody in a minor key, feebly but beautifully played on the old-fashioned upright piano.

"You love music?" said madame, turning slowly and confronting her.

"With all my heart," answered the girl, the vivid blush that was ever ready to appear flushing her sweet young face.

"You play?"

"A little—a very little; but I have had no piano for three years—since my own mother died."

"Let me hear you."

"Oh, madame, I dare not try after you."

But the old lady rose and gently led her to the instrument. There were two or three keys entirely dumb, and the rest were not in perfect tune; but the spirit of music so guided the long slender fingers that they reproduced the minor melody madame had played, so daintily inwrapped in bird-like trills and rippling runs that she, in turn, stood entranced.

"After me, indeed!" she said, as the girl struck the last chord. "*I* had to learn, but *you*—it is part of you. And you have no piano? Ah, that is sad. Could I give you mine, it should be yours. But it belonged to my dear husband, who died twenty years ago, and I could not bear to part with it. He was a Frenchman, and a professor of music. I was an American girl, and one of his pupils. When I married him I helped him teach others, and so came to be called "madame." We loved each other very much. But I shall be glad, my dear—very glad—to have you come here and play as often as you will."

"Could I come as often as I would," said the girl, with a bright smile, "I'm afraid I should soon tire you. But I will come as often as I can. And oh, madame"—suddenly kissing the soft wrinkled cheek—"I can not tell you how much I thank you!"

But the "often" proved very seldom, for some of the summer boarders staid until the end of October; and the butter had to be churned, and the fruit canned, and the younger sisters to be prepared each day for school, and the twin boys—nothing to speak of in point of years, but perfect Methuselahs in mischief—to be looked after from morning until night, and winter wardrobes to be made, and a thousand and one other things to be done.

And then madame fell sick, and all the time Viola could spare she spent at her bedside. "Time that had much better be spent at home," scolded her step-mother; "for there's a servant there, and one servant's enough to take care of two such houses as that, and their mistresses too, sick or well. *I* have no servant."

"You have me," Viola might have replied, "and no servant ever worked harder or for less wages;" but she set her lips firmly together, and said nothing. But she rose earlier than ever thereafter, that she might not leave undone the slightest of her tasks, and thus merit no reproach for the few hours each day she gave her dear old friend. And now madame was getting well, and, with the help of her strong servant-maid, could go from room to room; but she was best satisfied as yet to lie in the wee parlor on the lounge before the big window.

And here Viola made her appearance the day the roses were beckoning, with a merry greeting, and a dish of luscious red strawberries smothered in cream; but in spite of the merry greeting there was a hint of a shadow on her bonny face that did not escape madame's keen black eyes.

"Tell me about it, my dear," she said, in her sweet, trembling voice.

Viola knelt beside her. "You must be a fairy, madame," she said; "for none but a fairy could have guessed that I was a little sorry to-day. And for such a trifling cause I'm ashamed to speak of it." But the old lady insisting with gentle persistence, she began: "It is a ball I would like to go to, but can not. I have never been to a ball, and this one— You remember the young lady who boarded at our house last summer, with her father and sister—"

"And brother," suggested madame.

"And brother," repeated Viola, never lowering her frank blue eyes, but blushing from the tip of her round chin to the curls shading her low fair brow. "Well, she and I were good friends then, but I never dreamed she would remember me after she went away, for he—she, I mean—is rich, and I am poor, and our ways in life lie very, very far apart. But she has not forgotten me. See, madame, here is an invitation to a ball to be given on her nineteenth birthday at her aunt's house, only a few miles away. And—and her brother signs it too. He writes a handsome hand, does he not, madame?"

"A strong, handsome hand, my dear, and he is a handsome, manly fellow. I do not forget the messages he used to bring me from you, and deliver with such courtly grace. You must go to the ball."

"Oh, madame, it is impossible. I could not go if it were to be the simplest of parties, and it is to be a fancy dress. I have nothing to wear. You know the crops failed last year on account of the drought. But what folly for me to let so slight a thing distress me for a moment, when all at home have health and strength, and you are fast getting well!"

"For which we should be—and no doubt we are—devoutly thankful," said the old lady, "and all the more reason why you should go to the ball. You said just now I must be a fairy. I'll prove my right to the title by being a fairy godmother. You did not know that my name was Violet. Take the key you will find under the clock on the mantel, and open the ottoman that stands yonder."

"Open the ottoman, madame?"

"Yes: it is simply a chest in disguise, and in it lies your ball dress."

The lid of the disguised chest was raised, a long box lifted out and opened. An exclamation of delight burst from Viola's lips. There lay a satin dress of creamy whiteness. It unfolded into a miracle of old-fashioned loveliness. Purple violets were scattered here and there upon the scant skirt, as though dropped from some careless hand, and the puffed sleeves and short waist were made of a wealth of amber-hued lace. And then came a large, quaint fan of sandal-wood and peacock feathers, a necklace of pearls, a high tortoise-shell comb, and a pair of satin shoes with low flat heels and queer pointed toes.

"But you never mean that I should wear *these*, madame?" said Viola.

"That do I, most surely," said madame, gayly. "I wore them, child, many, many years ago. And now another Violet needs them. There is a fate in it. And I will put a spell upon them; and—who knows?—they may help you win a true-lover, as they did me."

"But the shoes, madame—they are too small, I'm sure."

"Try them, my dear."

Viola slipped one on. "It binds across the instep," said she.

"Take the scissors and cut it, then."

"Oh, madame, it would spoil it."

"Do as I bid you. Fairy godmother must be obeyed. Now take the rosettes still remaining in the box, and fasten one over each shoe to hide the damage done."

And with the beautiful rosettes of satin and lace, with a "V" encircled in seed-pearl in the centre of each, hiding the gaps the scissors had made, the toilette was complete.

And so Viola went to the ball, not in a fine carriage drawn by prancing steeds, but in her father's covered wagon, behind the old farm-horse. But when she appeared in the brilliantly lighted room it was rather late, for the old horse travelled slowly—the creamy white satin dress clinging to her slight, graceful figure, the pearls clustering around her smooth throat, her golden hair wound about the tortoise-shell comb, her dimpled arms and shoulders just showing through the ancient lace, her innocent blue eyes looking shyly over the quaint fan, and her feet clad in the queer pointed shoes, half hidden by the great rosettes—the gay crowd felt, some of them (the fair maidens these) with bitter envy, that an unknown Princess of Beauty was among them.

And the Prince of the reigning house quickly followed his sister to welcome her, leaving a Night with diamond stars to sparkle for some more faithful worshipper. And again and again he and the unknown Princess danced together until nearly daybreak, when a servant summoning her hastily—for the farmer-father was tired of waiting—she flew to the dressing-room, and one of the rosettes bursting from its fastening on the way, away went the shoe it had helped to hold in place, down, down through the well of the winding staircase, to regions far below.

And Viola, having the enchantment of the night still strong upon her, never missed it, but hastily drawing on her stout boots, ran to the old wagon, jumped in, and drove away in the dim first light of morning from the Prince and Fairy-land.

But when she awoke from the deep sleep into which she sank as soon as she reached her home—the sun was then on its westward way—she discovered the loss, and while she was bewailing it the Prince rang at the door.

"I have found a slipper, or shoe, or something of the kind," he said, taking it from the breast pocket of his fur-trimmed coat; "and as it will not fit either my sisters, or my cousins, or any of the lady friends who with them bide, I thought it might fit you."

"It does not really," said truthful Viola, with her lovely blush. "I could not have worn it had it not been cut open at the instep—I have not an aristocratic foot—and that is how, the stitches that held the friendly rosette giving way, I came to lose it."

"That I thank fortune!—might find it. And now, Viola dearest—"

But what need of saying more? You can all end the story for yourselves, I am sure, even to guessing that madame lived to be a hundred years old, and that never was fairy godmother so loved and petted as she.

THE WINNER OF THE RIFLE MATCH.

IF the marksman in Mr. FROST's picture on page 121 had been a little less successful in the rifle match, he would have had a happier time in getting home with his prizes. He might have successfully borne the burden of the big turkey, the saddle, and the stout pair of boots, even with the addition of a single pig; but to drive two of these contrary creatures, encumbered as he is, is a task beyond the ingenuity of any mortal. Each pig is, of course, determined to go in an opposite direction, such is the perversity of the porcine character, and whichever way one may pull, the other immediately tugs to the contrary. Perhaps if the jug which lies in fragments at his feet had fallen earlier in the scrimmage, the rifleman might have kept his prizes under a little better control.

TIGERS.

THE tiger may be taken as the supreme type of the pure wild beast. Life has only one end for him—enjoyment; and to this he gives all his magnificent energies. Endowed with superb capabilities, he exercises them to the utmost in this one direction, without ever forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of nature by pretending to be anything else.

Speed, strength, and cunning are his in a degree to which in the same combination no other animal can lay claim; in daring none exceed him, while for physical beauty he has absolutely no rival. A tiger has been known to spring over a wall five feet high into a cattle inclosure, and to jump back again with a full-grown animal in its jaws, and has been seen to leap, holding a bullock, across a wide ditch. As regards its speed, the first bounds of a tiger are so rapid as to bring it alongside the antelope; while for strength, a single blow of its paw will stun a charging bull. Its stealth may be illustrated by the anecdote of the tiger carrying away the bait while the sportsmen were actually busy putting up the shelters from which they intended to shoot it "when it came"; and its daring by the fact that numbers do not appal it, that it will single out and carry off a man out of the middle of a party, and that it regularly helps itself to cattle in broad daylight, in full sight of the herdsmen or the whole village. I have not gone for my illustrations to any traveller's tale, but to records of Indian shikar that are absolutely beyond suspicion. To enable it to achieve such feats as these, nature has created in the tiger the very ideal of brute symmetry and power. The paws, moreover, are fitted with large soft pads, which enable this bulky animal to move without a rustle over ground where the lizard can hardly stir without being heard, while its coloring, though it seems conspicuous enough when seen behind bars and against a background of whitewash, assimilates with astonishing exactness to its surroundings when the tiger lies in ambush under the overhanging roots, or crouches among the cane-grass.

For the tiger makes no pretense to invincible courage. On the contrary, he prefers, as a rule, to enjoy life rather than die heroically. When death is inevitable, he is always heroic, or even when danger presses him too closely. But if he can, he avoids the unequal contest between brute courage and explosive shells, and makes off at once for more sequestered woodlands, where he can reign supreme, and be at ease. It is indeed a splendid life that this autocrat of the jungle leads.

Whether it is true that two British sailors once caught a tiger by tempting him into a barrel, and then, having pulled his tail through the bung-hole, tying a knot in it, I do not undertake to decide. But that a tiger has been taken prisoner in a blanket is beyond dispute, as also that a tiger, having thrust its head through a wicker crate which was filled with ducks, could not withdraw it, and in this ignominious plight, with the ducks making a prodigious noise all the while, blundered about the camp, until, getting among the horses, it was kicked to death. Tigers have choked themselves by trying to swallow frogs, and in single combat with smaller animals been shamefully defeated.

Thus a man-eating tiger of immense proportions, at one time the pride of the Calcutta collection, was killed under circumstances that covered it with ridicule. It happened that a fighting ram belonging to a soldier in one of the regiments cantoned in the neighborhood became so extremely troublesome that the colonel ordered it to be sent to the Zoological Gardens. Yet there it was as troublesome as ever, and being no curiosity, though excellent mutton, it was decided to give it to the great tiger. So ferocious was this creature supposed to be that it had a specially constructed cage, and its food was let down through a sliding grating in the roof. Down this, accordingly, the ram was lowered. The tiger was dozing in the corner, but when it saw the mutton descend it rose, and after a long sleepy yawn, began to stretch itself. Meanwhile the ram, who had no notion that he had been put there to be eaten, was watching the monster's lazy preparations for his meal with the eye of an old gladiator, and seeing the tiger stretch himself, supposed the fight was commencing. Accordingly, he stepped nimbly back to the farthest corner of the cage, and then put down his head, and went straight at the striped beast. The old tiger had not a chance from the first, and as there was no way of getting the ram out again, the agonized owners had to look on while the sheep killed the tiger!

COW-BOYS OF ARIZONA—ROUSED BY A SCOUT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers, from a Sketch by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 118.]

THE WINNER OF THE RIFLE MATCH.—[See Page 119.]

[*Continued from front page.*]

HUSTLE THEM IN.

Seeds that the thorns of diseases may bear
Float on the putrid and smoke-laden air;
Ghosts of destruction are haunting each breath—
Soft-stepping agents, commissioned by Death.
Crowd them in rows, comrades or foes,
Deadened with liquor and deafened with din,
Fugitives out of the frosts and the snows,
Hustle them, bustle them, jostle them in!

Guilt has not pressed unto its breast
All who are taking this dingy unrest:
Innocence often is Misery's guest;
Sorrow may strike at the brightest and best.
You from whom hope, but not feeling, has fled,
This is your refuge from pauperhood's bed;
Timorous lad with a sensitive face,
You have no record of crime and disgrace;
Weary old man with the snow-drifted hair,
Not by your fault are you suffering there,
Never a child of your cherishing nigh—
'Tis not for sin you so drearily die.
Pain, in all lands, smites with two hands;
Guilty and good may encounter the test;
Misery's cord is of different strands;
Sorrow may strike at the brightest and best.

Sympathy's tear, warm and sincere,
Can not but glisten while lingering near.
Edge not away, sir, in horror of fear;
These are your brothers—this family here!
What if Misfortune had made *you* forlorn
With her stiletto as well as her scorn?
What if some fiend had been making *you* sure
With more temptation than flesh could endure?
What if you deep in the slums had been born,
Cradled in villainy, christened in scorn?
What if your toys had been tainted with crime?
What if your baby hands dabbled in slime?
Judge them with ruth. Maybe, in truth,
It is not they, but their luck, that is here.
Fancy *your* growth from a sin-nurtured youth;
Pity their weakness, and give them a tear.

Help them get out; help them keep out!
Labor to teach them what life is about;
Give them a hand unencumbered with doubt;
Feed them and clothe them, but pilot them out!
Suffering mortals, whate'er they have been,
Soonest can mend from assistance *within*.
Warm them and feed them—they're animals, then;
Teach them and love them—they spring into men.
You who 'mid luxuries costly and grand
Decorate homes with munificent hand,
Use, in some measure, your exquisite arts
For the improvement of minds and of hearts.
Lilies must grow up from below,
Where the strong rootlets are twining about;
Goodness and honesty ever must flow
From the heart-centres—to blossom without.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(*Continued.*)

COMPROMISE OR NO COMPROMISE.

AT this very broad hint Herbert was compelled to take his leave, though he would fain have had some conversation with the lawyer on his own account. It was no great penance, however, to return to the hotel, and Clare, who he well knew stood in sore need of comfort.

"I have been thinking a good deal about that young man," pursued Mr. Roden, confidentially, "while my luggage was being packed. His father left him ten thousand pounds, didn't he?" The lawyer nodded.

"Well, I really don't see how Clare can do better than marry him. He is perhaps a little wanting in refinement, but, on the other hand, he has no expensive tastes. Not brilliant, but sagacious, I understand, in his own line of business, and likely to get on."

"He has got on," observed the lawyer, smiling. "The railway company, instead of charging him a premium, have already given him a salary."

"I am delighted to hear it. I hope it includes a suit of clothes or two. Wear and tear is one thing, whereas oil—however, that's a detail. If he has a professional income, so much the better; but my plan is this—let the young people be thrown together."

"But they have lived under the same roof half their lives already."

"Just so; but it was the wrong half; and during the other portion this scoundrel Douglas—"

"Percy!"

"Quite right. What could I have been thinking about? 'Chevy Chase.' That is one of the evils of having one's mind stored with poetic recollections. Yes, Percy. Well, ever since she has been marriageable Percy has naturally had his eye on her; he thought, of course, she was an heiress. Now, however, the coast is clear for our young friend. At present it is obvious he sympathizes with her in her idiotic scruples, and uses his influence over her, which is considerable, to foster her folly. He flatters himself that he is playing the part of a man of principle: the most agreeable of rôles when undertaken at the expense of other people. Now, once put it into his mind that he may become Clare's husband, and we gain a powerful ally. He will instantly see this proposition to impoverish herself to the benefit of 'Fibbert & Lyster' in its true light, because it will mean impoverishing *him*."

"I am afraid that will not make much difference to Herbert Newton," said the lawyer, smiling.

"Now, my dear sir, that is prejudice—a thing I should not have expected in you. Because a man's given up to science, you take it for granted that in other matters he is a born fool. I do assure you this is not invariably the case. Take this very calling of railway engineer, for example; do you know any class of persons—I, of course, except lawyers—who have a prettier talent for feathering their own nests? The single item of coal contracts is a gold mine to them."

"My dear Mr. Roden," said the lawyer, gravely, "it may seem strange to your ears, and stranger still as coming from my mouth, but I do assure you, from what I know of his character, and I know him well, that self-interest is the very last motive—in any question of principle—by which Herbert Newton is liable to be actuated."

"Then I withdraw upon physiological grounds my suggestion that he should marry my niece, for he must be a congenital idiot. Since that plan fails, it is obvious that you must save Clare from the ruinous consequences of her obstinacy in spite of herself. Something must be lost, no doubt, but a great deal may be preserved. Sir Peter is not the man I take him for if he is not open to compromise."

"But that is just what your niece objects to."

"My niece objects to!" repeated Mr. Roden, looking round him as if in appeal to the invisible powers. "Is it possible I am speaking to a man of the world? The train is signaled, and there is no time for argument, but let me adjure you as a—dear me!—as a reasonable being, to reconsider this matter. Come to no terms that are not favorable. If Sir Peter offers five thousand, take it; but if a penny less, don't take it, and say you would not have taken it if it was ten thousand. A man like you, with such a name for acuteness will surely never permit yourself to be overreached by a cotton-spinner, or rather by an individual who under pretense of cotton-spinning is a fraudulent conspirator."

"I will do the best I can for Miss Clare, you may rest assured, Mr. Roden."

"That is spoken like yourself; there I recognize Mr. Newcastle. You will not permit a client of yours to execute a deed of self-destruction. Here is the train. My rugs are in, I trust, porter? Notwithstanding all our difficulties, I leave this affair in your able hands, my dear Forecastle, with the utmost confidence. God bless you!"

Late as it was when the lawyer arrived at Stokeville, he turned his steps at once to the Hall. Sir Peter, he was informed, was alone in his sanctum, Miss Mildred being still in town. The butler ushered him in at once; Mr. Oldcastle was well known to him, and it was a house where ceremony was never allowed to stand in the way of business. Nevertheless the visitor had half a mind to ask, "Am I expected?" This was not the case, however, to judge by the haste with which his host shovelled aside his letters and papers that crowded his table, and by the somewhat flurried and embarrassed manner in which he welcomed him.

"Why, dear me, Oldcastle, I thought you were at Sandford! Sit down and have a glass of grog: it's a cold night."

"He knows all about it," thought the lawyer, "or he would certainly have inquired what brought me."

"Yes, it's cold, and late too. I should not have looked in at such an untimely hour had there not been urgent occasion."

"Indeed! Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Well, I don't know; there is certainly something amiss—very much amiss. I am here on behalf of *my client*" (those two words he emphasized), "Miss Clare Lyster."

"Very good; I am your client too, and she and I have always been friendly. There can therefore be no real difficulty between us, whatever has happened."

"You have heard from Mr. Percy Fibbert, then?"

"From my nephew? Yes, I had a few lines to-night."

"Then you must be aware of my business."

"Well, of course I suspect the nature of it. Nothing could have taken me more by surprise than what Percy tells me. He writes in confidence, but of course there are no secrets between you and me. And let me say at once that, for my part, I acquit my late friend and partner of any guilty intention whatever in the matter in question. It is hardly necessary to allude to it more particularly. It was the act of a person not in his right mind."

"Pardon me, but it is most necessary that we should not only allude to it but discuss it. I quite agree with you that no moral blame attaches to your late partner, even if the circumstance alleged took place. The question is, however, did it take place?"

"We have the testimony of his son," said Sir Peter, coldly, "that's all."

"Just so—that *is* all. Gerald Lyster's character is only too well known. Our contention would be that he lied."

"That, of course, is a matter for a jury," returned Sir Peter, shrugging his shoulders. "But since he would lose three hundred a year or so, as I am informed, by his revelation—a mere pittance, it is true, but still his all—there seems to be an absence of motive. You do not suggest, I hope," and Sir Peter smiled contemptuously, "that we have bribed him?"

"No, of course we do not suggest that. Still, since the interests involved are so very weighty, there is room for motive somewhere—that is, in the view of a jury."

"If that is to be your course of action, Mr. Oldcastle," said the other, stiffly, "I don't know why I am honored with your present visit. As a friend you are welcome, but as a lawyer—"

"Nay, it was you who first spoke of juries, Sir Peter," interrupted the other, "and I frankly tell you, if my advice were followed in the matter, that is the course of action my client should pursue. If I were Miss Clare Lyster I would say, 'Do your worst,' which would be very little. I would not give up a single iota of my rights upon Gerald's testimony, which, moreover, is distinctly disproved by that of another."

"Indeed! And that other, of course, is some disinterested person; one who would gain nothing by his evidence. Come, come, Mr. Oldcastle, you speak of frankness—let us, then, be open with one another. In going to law your client would be only throwing good money after bad. She has not a leg to stand upon. Dr. Dickson says, though, of course, he could not have anticipated such an occurrence, that, considering how the anxieties of his position weighed upon poor Lyster's mind, he is not surprised at the circumstances of which Gerald tells us he was a witness."

"Then you have seen Gerald, have you?"

"Most certainly I have. Considering the importance of Percy's communication, I felt bound to look into the matter at once."

"Then it is already the talk of the town?"

"I hope not. I trust not. Nothing has been said, I am quite sure, to my late partner's detriment. If you mean to fight the thing, however, we must make use of such weapons as lie to our hand. You will do me the justice to acknowledge that from the very first I looked on this affair with suspicion; it was too near a thing not to awaken some doubt; but out of good feeling—and—and old associations—I acquiesced. In justice to myself, however, and—and my family—I shall now have no hesitation in pressing my claims. Miss Clare Lyster is not entitled to one penny of the profits of our firm during the ensuing year."

"I may tell you in confidence," added Sir Peter, after a little pause, "that those profits are enormous."

"To be sure; you were speaking of the gains of the present year. Well, that is scarcely an argument in favor of my client's foregoing her claims."

"I had hoped, from your silence, and also from the knowledge I had of your sagacity, Mr. Oldcastle, that you had got to see things in their proper light. Her chances are not worth that newspaper—yesterday's newspaper."

"Very good. That is your view; but it is not counsel's opinion."

"You may take what opinion you please; but in that case—mark me—it will be then too late for compromise. Now, though, as you know, I am a man of business, Mr. Oldcastle, I am not a hard man."

"Then nails are not hard," thought the lawyer to himself. "What does he want?"

"Moreover, I can not forget the long years of cordial association with my late partner, and the friendliness—though interrupted of late months—between our respective families. These things, Mr. Oldcastle, though they are not in the bond, I am not ashamed to say affect me nearly, even in a business transaction. With your client, Miss Clare Lyster, you may take it for granted I am not inclined to drive a hard bargain."

Mr. Oldcastle bowed and smiled—like a polite automaton.

"What can he be driving at?" was his unspoken reflection. "There is a screw loose somewhere—if not in the man's head—I'm certain."

"Now, the terms I would propose," continued the knight, "while of themselves what you will admit to be generous, will have the advantage of putting an end to all foolish and malicious gossip upon this unpleasant matter. My plan is, that to the outside world things shall go on exactly as they do at present; that Miss Clare's money shall remain in the firm, and that we pay her interest for the use of it, say at the rate of six per cent. Now, though of course that bears no comparison with the profits of our business, it is more than she could safely realize elsewhere from her thirty thousand pounds."

"Thirty thousand?" put in Mr. Oldcastle. "But ten thousand of that is Newton's."

"I am acting for Newton in this matter as well as for Miss Clare. Whatever decision is arrived at as regards that young lady will be acquiesced in by him."

"Very good," said Sir Peter; "that simplifies matters. The young man is Miss Clare's relative; nor should it be forgotten that he was at one time in our service. He shall share the advantage which we offer to his cousin. They shall each receive seven per cent. for their money."

"Seven? I thought just now you offered six."

"Dear me! so I did. However, I am not one to go back from my word; so, since I mentioned seven, seven let it be. To tell you the truth, Mr. Oldcastle," added Sir Peter, with a quick smile, "the percentage is a bagatelle compared with what we get just now by trading with the money. I think, however, you must allow my offer as it stands is liberal. It is not as if we were in want of funds to carry on with. I need not tell you how folks would jump at the notion of being in with us at such a time; but when one has a good thing one likes to keep it to one's self, eh?"

It was the first attempt Sir Peter had made to speak in his natural manner, and it was not a successful one. His always somewhat clumsy gayety, as it seemed to his companion, was forced, and his air of carelessness artificial. As to the sentimental considerations which he described as actuating him, the lawyer put them out of his consideration altogether, except so far as the pretense of them argued necessity. "Why should my astute friend be so civil?" was the question he was constantly putting to himself, but to which he could find no reply. Though intrusted with full powers by Clare, he felt he must go home and think the whole matter over before coming to a decision.

"Well, Sir Peter," he said, rising, "I will communicate your proposition to my clients, and let you know what they think of it."

"Think of it!" returned the other, testily. "What need is there of that? They pay you to think for them, don't they? What does Clare know about business? She will be guided, of course, by your advice. Come, come, don't humbug me. A letter to Sandford is but six-and-eightpence in your pocket after all. Why not say 'Yes' at once?"

"I can't do that, Sir Peter," said the lawyer, stiffly; "the matter is far too important to be decided out of hand. And as for Miss Clare's being guided by my advice, let me tell you it is quite contrary to my own judgment that I am here this moment listening to any terms whatever."

"Well, well, it is only your professional duty to put a good face on the affair, and I don't blame you. Only don't forget that seven per cent. in a safe concern is not picked up every day. Let me hear from you as soon as possible that our offer is accepted. The interest will stand over, of course, as the profits would have done in the other case, till the end of the year."

This last observation, though made in a careless and incidental tone, was a great mistake, for it gave a distinct and final shape to the lawyer's suspicions.

If the firm was in no want of money, and was making such enormous gains, it was hardly likely, in an arrangement of such magnitude, that it would have occurred to Sir Peter to mention a date in connection with the payment of the proposed interest. He had heard rumors of the gigantic development of the business of the firm of late months, and it was just possible that Fibbert & Lyster might not be such a very "safe concern" after all. It was with no little satisfaction, therefore, that he remembered that, by the deed of partnership which he had himself drawn up, the whole of Clare's investment had been due to her since Mr. Lyster's death, supposing that had

occurred during the preceding year, and could be withdrawn from the firm without notice.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

GERALD IS CONFIDENTIAL.

ONE sometimes wonders, when one considers the difficulties of the feat, the precautions necessary to it, and the constant "alarms and excursions" involved in it, whether any secret—even the most shameful—is worth the keeping. Better than a life passed in continuous apprehension is surely a dishonored one; that is, dishonored at first instead of dishonored at last, for it is ten to one that that will be the end of it. When "the carrion vulture waits to tear one's heart before the crowd," it is just as well, to my mind, not to keep him waiting, but to let him have the carrion in question at once, to gorge himself with it and have done with it. It was curious that so intelligent a mind as that of Clare Lyster could have conceived it possible that a story like that of Gerald's could be hushed up by her paying forfeit. "Rumor, full of tongues," is not to be bought off that way; scarcely, indeed, any way.

Before a week had passed, every one in Stokeville knew that Clare's money had been withdrawn from her late father's firm, with every particular concerning that transaction; that is to say, with every detail that imagination could suggest in the absence of authoritative information; where accuracy was wanted it had its substitute in minuteness. Everybody knew that Mr. Lyster's bedroom clock had been accelerated, and also that Gerald had done it—an example of the reward that is always reaped by an established reputation. As regards Clare, gossip was more correct, for it was understood that the instant she had discovered what had happened she abandoned every claim in the face of tempting offers of compromise. Offers of pecuniary assistance poured in upon Clare Lyster by every post, from unknown hands, but in very unmistakable figures. The very names of her correspondents were sometimes strange to her.

It would have been too much to say that the help offered to Clare was as much in protest against the Fibberts as in kindliness to herself; but there was a good deal of protest in it. Stokeville believed that she had been ill used, and took this generous way of showing its resentment. Though she felt its kindness deeply, and none the less that she took no advantage of it, it was an additional reason for Clare's not returning to her old home. Her greatly reduced means, however, would of itself have precluded her residence at Oak Lodge. When all Mr. Lyster's liabilities had been paid off, there remained less than one-half of the thirty thousand pounds withdrawn from the business, or about thirteen thousand pounds.

The matter ended in Clare having some five hundred a year or so to live upon, which no one but Herbert and the lawyer knew came out of Herbert's pocket. Indeed, with his salary from the railway company that young gentleman had the character of being "warm" for his years, and likely to be "warmer," on account of his economical habits. Just at present he had taken up his residence at Oak Lodge previous to the sale of the house and furniture, in view of certain subaqueous experiments which could not easily be carried on at the Junction. This, at least, was his alleged reason, but Mr. Oldcastle had suggested to him that it was well that the Lodge should have a caretaker in it besides Gerald, of whom the lawyer now entertained the gravest suspicions.

"I know he is a liar," he said to Herbert, in confidence, "and I think it exceedingly probable he may turn out a thief. If he were to lay hands, in Clare's absence, on any unconsidered trifles in the way of plate, statuary, or pictures, he is well aware she will never prosecute him, and it is just as well he should not be exposed to the temptation."

By this time the lawyer had not a doubt that Gerald's clock story was a fiction, or that it had been paid for by somebody, at a price which fiction, alas! seldom fetches in the literary market. And Herbert had never had any doubt. Under the circumstances it was not pleasant to be residing under the same roof with Gerald; but it was much more unpleasant for Gerald. He knew Herbert's opinion of him and of what he had done quite well, though no allusion was ever made to it. Once when they chanced to dine together (which was very seldom), the doors of the two rooms being open, they heard Mr. Lyster's clock up stairs strike as they sat below, and Herbert, looking half mechanically at his watch, found the two synchronous to a minute. "I put it back ten minutes," stammered Gerald.

"When and why?"

The two monosyllables came out with the rapidity and directness of a bullet from a revolver. There is nothing so disagreeable to slippery folks as a short question curtly put; there is no room for the play of the imagination for evasion.

Gerald's eyes sought the table-cloth, to the color of which his cheeks had turned, and murmured, hoarsely,

"The same night."

"What! with your father lying dead in the room?"

For the moment Herbert had forgotten his resolve to leave this matter undiscussed: the mischief had been done, and nothing was to be gained—since he had no ear for lying, however ingenious—by re-opening the question; but Gerald's first ejaculation had taken him by surprise, as well it might; and now that he heard him affirm what, from the other's constitutional timidity, he felt convinced was a falsehood, his tone, in spite of himself, expressed sheer incredulity.

"You may believe it or not, as you please," answered Gerald, with a return to his old dogged manner. "But I did put the clock back again that night. As to 'why,' the reason, I should think, is clear enough. If it had been found to be ten minutes fast the next day, it would have been all up with Clare's claim."

"I think you had better leave your sister's name alone in connection with that story," said Herbert, sharply. The mention of it in this man's mouth seemed like blasphemy added to sacrilege.

"I am quite aware that she wishes to have nothing to do with me," replied Gerald, meek as a sheep, or rather as a wolf who has not yet quite accustomed himself to sheep's clothing. "However, I shall not trouble her long with my presence here," and he sighed as if the seeds of consumption were growing up fast within him, and he was soon to become an angel.

"You're going away, are you?"

There was certainly not much regret in Herbert's tone at this prospect of separation; but, on the other hand, the fact of his young connection's departure could not be held decisive merely because he affirmed it.

"Yes," continued Gerald, "I have resolved to leave Stokeville. I do not wish to blame any one in particular, but I have been misjudged and calumniated. Public opinion has been set against me. I have some good friends left, however, who are prepared to start me in life elsewhere."

"If it is no secret, where are you thinking of going to?" inquired Herbert, after a pause.

"I am not quite sure," replied Gerald, to whom frankness was as repugnant as cats are to other unprincipled persons—it was a sort of "natural aversion"—and who, moreover, thought he had already told enough; "it will be somewhere, however, a good long way off; as far, perhaps, as you are going yourself. You *are* going, are you not?" he added, with curiosity.

For over Herbert's face there had come a look of surprise and embarrassment. That sudden reference to his proposed departure to South America had taken him unawares. He had put the same question to himself of late without getting a satisfactory reply. He was certainly not hot about that South American appointment. He felt a disinclination to leave England which he had not experienced at the time he had accepted the offer. Perhaps it was because the Coalborough Railway Company had shown an appreciation of his services, or because he had not yet finished those scientific experiments that were to dispense with the use of the diving-bell.

"I have not quite made up my mind upon that point," he answered. Nothing could be more truthful than that reply; yet Gerald put his tongue out and winked. Which, I am told, is among vulgar persons a sign of incredulity.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE RESERVOIR.

FAR away in the fields, about midway between Fibbert & Lyster's mill and Oak Lodge, was the reservoir that fed the mill—an inconsiderable sheet of water as to size, but eighteen or nineteen feet deep in all parts. It was, of course, on rising ground, but was shut in from general observation by a high brick wall. In winter, sliding and skating went on there, but in other seasons the place was very lonely. It had none of the beauty which even a pond with trees about it never fails to have, but by means of various scientific appliances the water was kept clean except for "the blacks," which settled on its surface as freely as Chinese in Chicago. On the afternoon of the day on which Gerald and Herbert had held that unsocial talk together, and when it was already growing dusk, a young woman unlocked the door in the high wall and entered this Paradise. To judge by the caution with which she looked about her, one would say she had no business there, while, on the other hand, it was but too evident that she did not come for pleasure. She had a very pretty face, but it was wan and pale, and her soft brown eyes were red from recent weeping; she was still but a girl in years, but as she trod the stone flags that formed a path round the water her gait was slow and weary. There was an iron bench, attached to the leg of which was a rope, that hung down some steps that led into the water, and after a few turns to and fro she sat down, with a weary sigh. It was not easy to guess for what purpose she had come to such a place at such an hour; but it was certainly not to meet a lover. There was impatience, indeed, in the glance she occasionally cast toward the door in the wall, but no expectation. With her hands folded before her and a thin shawl drawn over them, she sat, with down-dropped eyelids, motionless, save when a shudder seized her, it might be from without, for the air was cold, or it might be from a chilled heart within. At last her ear caught the sound of a click in the lock, and she rose up, with a heavy sigh.

"How late you are, Gerald," she murmured, in a complaining voice; "and I am so bitter cold. It is very hard that you have made me meet you here, when I can hardly drag one leg before the other."

"I could not help it," he replied, looking at her askance with ill-concealed disfavor; "I am not my own master."

"And why not? That is just what I can not understand," she answered; "it makes me so unhappy."

"If everything makes you unhappy that you don't understand," was the cynical rejoinder, "you must be a very miserable woman."

"I am," she answered. There was a genuineness in her tone that made the two words very pathetic; perhaps it was this that moved him, for he answered in gentler tones:

"Well, I'm not in tip-top spirits myself. You know how everything has gone wrong with me of late—my poor sister turned out of the business, and my income cut off from that source. However, things are looking a little better, if I'm only let alone. It's always 'Give, give,' with you—"

"Good heavens! what are you saying?" pleaded the girl, throwing up her thin arms. "I have only asked for bread. Have I not two lives to keep, and not enough of it for one?"

"Ay, ay, more's the pity. Well, if you'll only keep quiet, things may come round. You know that our marriage is suspected; and yet you are always wanting me to run risks. You grumble because I keep away from you, and you grumble when I come home."

"Home!" she repeated, like an echo from a ruin. "Do you know I have had no fire today, and not one meal? Oh, Gerald! Gerald!"

"Be quiet, I say!" he said, looking suspiciously around him. "What use is there in mentioning names?"

"What use indeed!" she murmured, but he did not hear her. His attention had been attracted by something in the water. "What the devil's that? Are there rats here? Well, if you are favoring me with your attention, I was going to say I've got some good news for you."

She looked up, fully incredulous. There are people in the world—thousands—who find the same difficulty in believing in good news as sceptics do in accepting miracles; it is contrary to their experience.

"I have got some money for you—a large sum. Twenty pounds."

"Thank God!" cried the woman, bursting into tears. "If my little one is born alive it will not be starved, as I feared it would."

"Well, if you're not starved, I suppose the child won't be. Here's the money, four five-pound notes; only, mark this: if I go away for a little time, perhaps a day or two, don't you be coming to the mill, or applying to my sister, as though I had deserted you."

"Going away!" she exclaimed, quickly. "What for? Where are you going to? You swore to me upon the Bible, Gerald, that though you might not acknowledge me as your wife just at first—that is, at present" —she sighed, doubtless in remembrance of some cruel deception—"you would never leave Stokeville without doing so."

"No more I will. Why, I ran down to Sandford the other day, and came back again all right, didn't I?"

"That was to your sister. I didn't mind that. I felt that whatever you had to do with her must be for your good."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, this is for my good too. I've got something to do for her in London. If I am not back in two days, you may call me a liar."

The woman shook her head. The privilege evidently did not impress her as it might have done. It is possible she had already experienced the satisfaction to be derived from it.

"If you don't believe me, I tell you what: if I am not back by the time I mention, I give you free leave to go to Percy and tell the whole truth."

"Which he knows already," answered the other, coldly.

"Well, if that won't satisfy you, you may go to my sister herself. That is what you have been begging and entreating me to let you do any time these six months. You may make a clean breast of it to her."

"Then you're *not* coming back!" exclaimed the poor woman, with an exceeding bitter cry. "You shall never do it. I don't want your money; keep it, keep it, since I know you grudge it me. But keep your word. You swore to me that you would make me an honest woman in the sight of the world, as I am in Heaven's sight, ay, and in that of the law—the law, Gerald."

"Curse you, be quiet!" he cried, running up to her and seizing her by the wrist. "Now look you, will you listen to reason, or will you not?"

"If you mean by that, will I sell my child's birthright for twenty pounds," she answered, shrilly, "no I will not! I will go to your sister to-morrow. Oh, Gerald! would you kill me? Help! help!"

He had stooped down and pulled at the rope, with the intention, as it had flashed on her frightened senses, to bind her arms. But the rope was a long one, and he could not, with only one hand at liberty, pull it in. Then, with an oath of disappointment, he caught her round the waist, and, covering her mouth with his hand to still her screams, forced her to the water's edge. He was a strong man for his years, though drink and dissipation had done their work with him, and she was enfeebled by her condition and want of food, and misery of mind and body. In a minute more or so the guilt of blood would have been on his soul, when he suddenly staggered backward, with a cry of terror. From the water immediately beneath him there had risen up a gigantic head. Its eyes protruded like those of a lobster, magnified a thousand times; its head, even in the dull evening light, had a burnished gleam; it had all the spectral weirdness of the helmet of Otranto, with the inexpressible horror added that it was coming out of the water. It was also undoubtedly coming toward him. With a howl, compared with which poor Rachel's recent shrieks had been soft music, Gerald fled to the door, without a look behind him, and sped homeward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOOSE-HUNTING IN MAINE.

THE artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the hunting sketches on page 116 spent several weeks in the forests of Northern Maine, tracking moose under the guidance of an experienced Indian hunter, whose wood-craft filled him with admiration. On striking a recent trail, the taciturn red man would lead the way in perfect silence through the sombre pine forest, over hill, through valley, and across frozen stream and morass. Sometimes fortune was kind, and the noble game was captured on the first day. At other times several days would elapse before the hunters had a chance for a shot. Now and then the artist was fearful of being lost in the dense forest; but his guide, though unprovided with a compass, always found his way back to camp by the nearest way, no matter how devious and long had been their course.

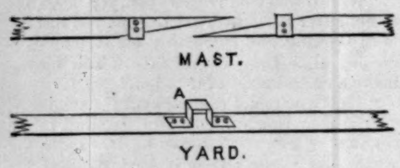
The permanent camp from which the hunting excursions were made was a rough log cabin, the interior of which is shown in the illustration. It was square in shape, each side composed of three large logs laid one on the other, and forming a wall about three feet high. The roof was made of poles running up to a centre point, and closely thatched with moss, twigs, and broad strips of birch bark. An opening in the roof served the purpose of a chimney.

The first sketch shows the Indian guide testing the ice on a stream. The picture of a moose's head was copied from a specimen shot by an Indian last year. It measured five feet six inches between the tips of the horns. In sketch No. 3 the guide is supposed to be regaling the weary hunters after the day's sport with exciting stories of adventure in the forest.

WHITE WINGS.

ON a certain cold and blowy day last winter the writer hereof was engaged in adjusting, with benumbed fingers, an apparatus which to the curious group of skaters that surrounded him looked like a compromise between a windmill and a flying-machine. When ready for use, it presented somewhat the appearance shown in the cut—a light spar of spruce about twelve feet long, crossed at three feet from each end by a still lighter spar of the same wood. Two square sails of heavy cotton sheeting were stretched from end to end of the lighter spars by their diagonally opposite corners. One of the remaining corners was made fast to the end of the long spar, and the two unattached corners were strained toward each other by means of a stout cord. The two sails were thus made to set flat, like great square kites, their inner corners being separated by an interval of a couple of feet.

The scene is cast on the icy surface of Prospect Park Pond, Brooklyn, and the adventurer was about to try to the him novel experiment of turning himself into an ice-boat. And why not? Given a smooth surface, over which a body under perfect steering control may move in one direction, but not at right angles thereunto—a skater, for instance—given a readily adjustable sail, given a sufficient wind, why should not a man on skates perform all the nautical evolutions of which



DEVICE BY "QUI VIVE."

a full-grown ice-boat is capable? I, at all events, was resolved to try it, and had constructed my sail with feelings of poignant regret that the idea had not occurred to me when holidays were more frequent, and time less valuable.

Behold me, then, with my sail held prudently before me, the wind at my back, and a hundred ordinary skaters standing "at gaze," slowly gaining headway as I skimmed easily down the pond. Of course "running free" was easy enough. Every boy has done that with an open umbrella, or a shawl, or some other make-shift device, incapable of the nicer art of working to windward.

As I reached the wider part of the pond I attempted, in nautical parlance, to haul my wind, and stand off on the starboard tack. I did it, and, with suddenly accelerated velocity in an unlooked-for direction, speared an unfortunate spectator in the ribs with the end of my jib-boom. Of course this necessitated an apology and a momentary pause for a fresh start. Moreover, I became aware that the policemen on duty "had their eye on me." This I had anticipated, and got under way again as soon as possible, shaping my course toward an unprotected stretch of ice.

Alas! the American public had now become so generally interested in my awkward manœuvring that it closed in upon my course, and I strove in vain to evade my fate, which, in the shape of a uniform with brass buttons, was upon me before I could recover from my third collision.

"See here, mister, I want you," the uniform succinctly remarked, as I tried to hide my sail behind me, and edge away through the crowd. "Come ashore."

NORWEGIAN RIG.

It was time, for the ice was cracking and groaning under the concentrated skaters, and I was ignominiously conducted to the bank.

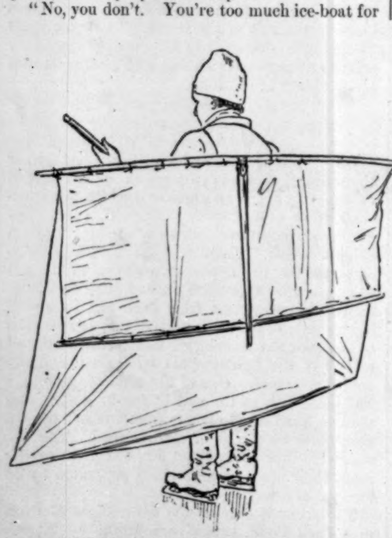
"You can't do that," said my captor, civilly enough.

"Why not? I may skate, mayn't I?"

"Yes, but ice-boats ain't allowed on this pond."

"Oh, well, if I'm an ice-boat, I'll go on the big pond;" and I prepared to depart.

"No, you don't. You're too much ice-boat for



DANISH RIG—BEFORE THE WIND—TOPSAIL "DOUSED."

this here pond, but not enough for that there;" upon which the fickle public raised an unfeeling laugh.

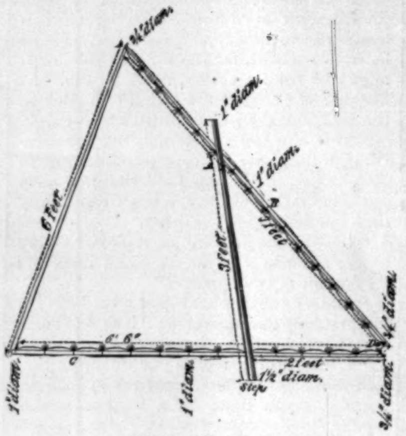
"Well," said I, ruefully, "I suppose there is no getting around that;" and I tossed my sail on the snow.

"There is no getting round with it," viciously commented the fellow whose ribs I had prodded.

"No," retorted I, "not when you get in the way." But the laugh was fairly against me, and my fun was over for the day, so I shortly packed up my sail and went home.

A brief correspondence with the Park Superintendent, however, made matters right, and armed with a season pass, I was on hand again in a few days, duly classified as an ice-boat, and free, as such, to navigate the big pond.

A gale was blowing from the northwest, and



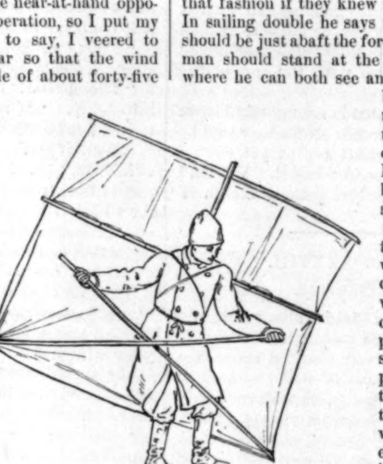
DEVICE BY "H. C."

as the wind pushed me before it out from the shelter of the bank a half-mile stretch of roughish ice crossed by streaks of snow opened to the right. Was it possible to sail under such conditions? Short time to consider, for the wind bore me before it toward the near-at-hand opposite shore too fast for deliberation, so I put my helm hard to port—that is to say, I veered to the right—and held the spar so that the wind struck both sails at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Instantly an acceleration of speed was perceptible. Away we went, my sail and I, across a fortuitous space of clear ice and into a snow patch like a flash. I expected to go heels over head, but such was the pace that I was through it and half-way over the next ice patch before I could calculate the chances for an easy fall. Trees and hillocks swept past on either hand as they sweep past the windows of an express train.

How short that half-mile seemed! The problem of stopping or going about was upon me before I had time to put in practice my carefully elaborated theories of wearing and tacking, and I was obliged to let everything go by the board to avoid total wreck on a rock-bound and inhospitable coast.

This is the one peculiar advantage of skate-sailing over all other descriptions of navigation: if in danger, you can in an instant cast adrift all your top-hamper, and recover it again when the crisis is past.

I did so in this instance, and, starting afresh, cruised back and forth, with the wind abeam, up and down the lake, until, gaining skill by experience, I was able to realize what I had hoped, and sail up into the wind's eye with a flattering degree of success.

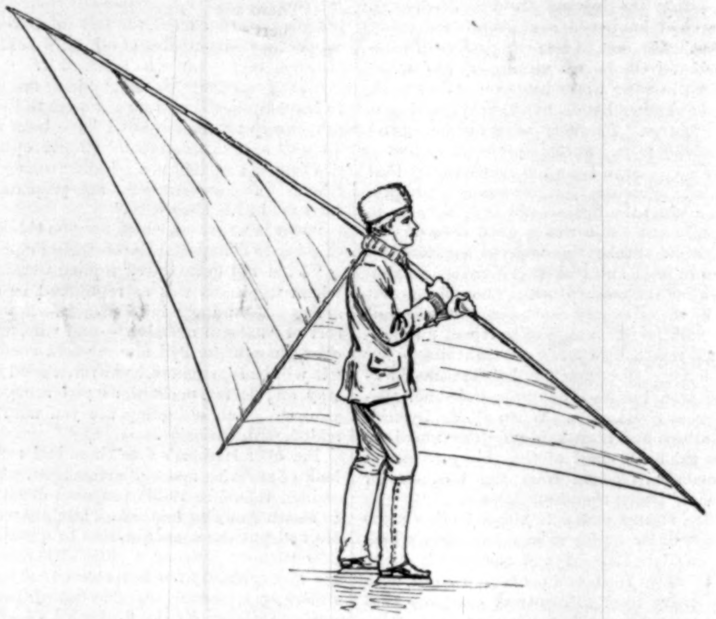


DANISH RIG—ON THE WIND.

There is not space in this paper to dwell upon the details of mishaps which preceded final success, nor is absolute success or a high degree of skill claimed by the author. These must be left to happy individuals whose circumstances afford them better facilities for practice.

Rules for skate-sailing might perhaps be laid down, but it would be at the risk of making mistakes, for nicer details must be left to individuals, and personal methods in such matters always differ. It must be borne in mind, too, that success may not attend a first effort. Practice is indispensable in this, as in ordinary skating, and one may easily become discouraged under the unfavorable conditions of a light and baffling wind. A stiff breeze and a little perseverance and address will, however, afford in the end satisfactory results and highly exhilarating sport.

With regard to the size and shape of sails, there are various opinions, for new as this winter sport is to most of us, it has been practiced more or less in various parts of the world certainly for twenty or twenty-five years. It was first brought to the writer's attention by a descriptive paragraph of a Norwegian sail in the London *Field*, subsequently illustrated in the London *News*, but the writer in the *Field* assures me in a personal letter that the drawing is all wrong, and that the lady and gentleman who appear to be having so nice a time would not "man" their craft in that fashion if they knew what they were about. In sailing double he says that the forward hand should be just abaft the foreyard, while the steersman should stand at the after-end of the sail, where he can both see and steer. Sailing double, this correspondent thinks, is the true way to get full satisfaction out of skate-sailing. His conclusions are all based upon his own sail.



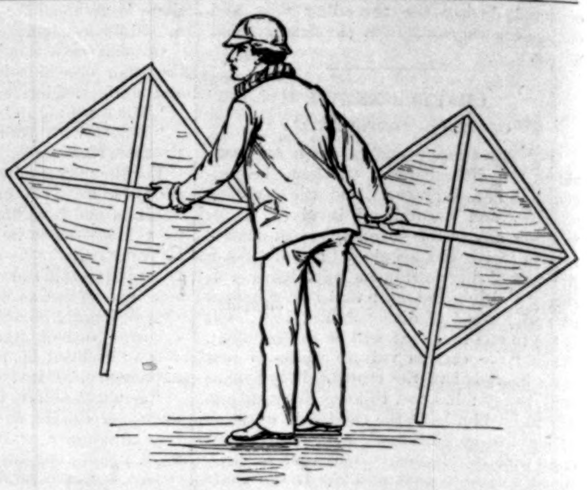
THE CAPE VINCENT SAIL.

The obvious objection to this form of sail was that the skater could not see to windward or leeward, as the case might be, and the plan of dividing the sail was hit upon and put in practice, as heretofore described. Letters were addressed to various quarters, and eventually some satisfactory information was gained.

At Cape Vincent, New York, the sport was in vogue to a considerable extent some twenty years ago, but it appears to have gone out of fashion, mainly because of the heavy snows which prevail in that region. The type of sail used was what may be termed a sprit-sail.

In this connection I give some devices contributed by "Qui Vive" to the *Field* for jointing spars, and providing yards with ferrules which hold them firmly on the spar. They may be fastened with pegs if necessary.

I also give another device, contributed by "H. C." to the *Field*. The lower end of the mast is stepped in a strap made fast around one ankle a foot or so above the skate. One arm is passed around the mast, and the other hand grasps the



THE DOUBLE SAIL.

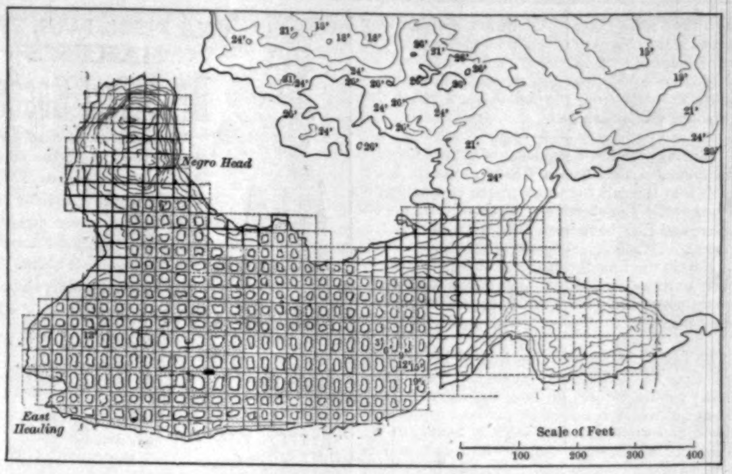
upper yard. This is not unlike the Cape Vincent rig, and it is in some respects apparently superior to it.

In the neighborhood of Copenhagen it was a popular pastime at about the same period, but the United States Consul at that port writes that it is wholly unknown, so far as he can ascertain, at present. Nothing is known of it at the various New York consulates of the northern European nations, and, so far as can be learned, it is not widely practiced in Canada. The correspondent who acquired the art in Copenhagen is now resident in this country, and is the most expert skate-sailer with whom I have been able to place myself in communication. To him I am indebted for photographs of the Danish rig, which seems to me too complicated, but which he regards as admirable in every respect. "The lower yard," he writes, "is fastened at the shoulders, and the topmast is left loose to swing on the lower yard. The two sprits are held crosswise in the hands, and serve as tacks and sheets. Going before the wind, the sail stands square; close hauled it is canted so as to bring the tack—the lower corner, that is—close to the skater's feet, and the sprit is pushed out behind, canting the yards, and giving a lateen look to the craft. It is all very simple, and looks ship-shape. The topsail can stay rolled up on the lower yard, but if set and not wanted, it can be lowered in a moment by shaking the wind out of it, when it will drop down, and rest against the lower sail. By stooping down a little, and letting the wind under it, it will raise itself up again. When facing the wind, and holding the sprits loosely, the wind is all out of the sail—often very desirable

DANISH RIG—BEFORE THE WIND—TOPSAIL SET.

WHITE WINGS.—From Drawings and Photographs.

IN THE CROSS-DRIFTS.



MAP SHOWING PLAN OF THE WORK.

ONE OF THE AIR GATES.

when you want to skate to windward. It takes some practice to be able to keep your hold on the ice, but when you have acquired it, nothing but a North River ice-boat can beat you, and I never heard of any accident, though upsetting may be frequent." This is the testimony of one who has had far more experience than I can claim, and his favorite rig is entitled to due consideration; nevertheless, the writer is disposed to pin his faith rather to the Cape Vincent rig, not to mention his own device of the double sail. My Cape Vincent informant writes that some of the most skilled skate-sailers were able to carry a sail similar to that shown in one of the cuts, with the long spar some twelve or fifteen feet in length, the sprit or spreader being about five feet. The spar was carried on the shoulder, as a soldier carries his rifle, the sprit passing down and resting against the back. This sprit has a crotch or jaw in which the main spar fits, and being fast at the corner of the sail, and of the right length, it of course spreads the sheet as tight and flat as a board.

He says: "They went the fastest of anything I ever saw. Much faster than ice-boats. I should say that on good smooth ice, so that they could keep their feet with a twenty-five or thirty mile wind, they went at the rate of eighty to one hundred miles an hour. When the wind blew more than thirty miles an hour, the larger sails could not be carried at a 'full,' as the pace became so tremendous that the slightest obstacle would cause an upset."

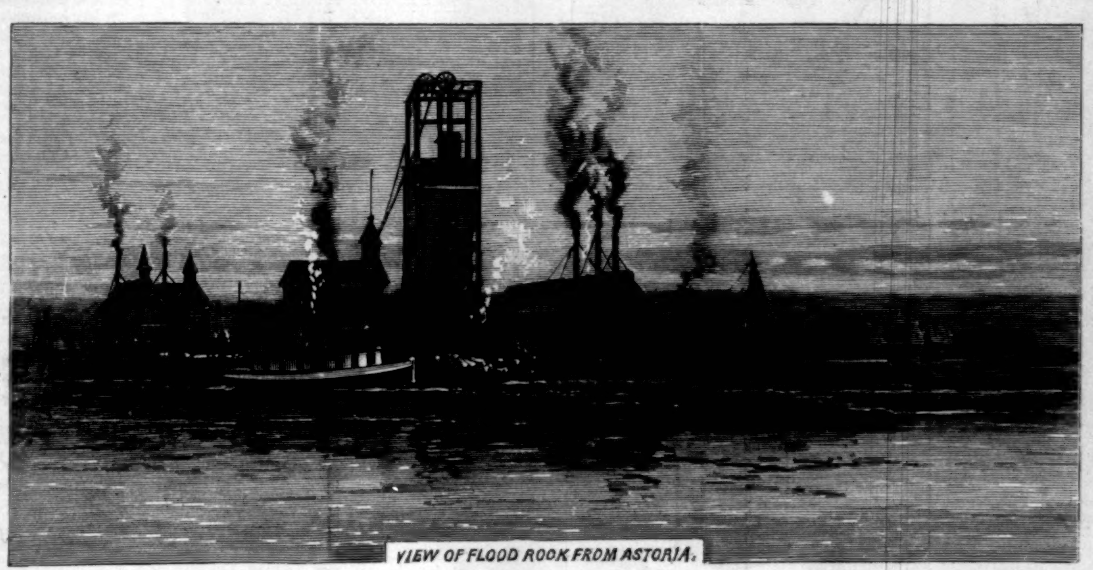
The reader will please bear in mind that the above is quoted. The author does not claim to have made any such time as is here mentioned, but he is not prepared to deny that there may be possibilities of speed to which he has not yet approximated. Look at it for a moment. Every one who has seriously studied the theory of ice-boating understands that a properly handled ice-yacht sails much faster than the wind which propels it. There is no apparent reason why a skate-sailer should not attain a like speed. Other things being equal he has certain advantages over the ice-yacht. His steering gear is absolutely perfect, assuming, of course, that he is a thoroughly confident skater, and it is in intimate sympathy with the trim of his sail. This nice adjustment between rudder and sails is an important point. Again, there is no rigidity about the rig. Everything sways and gives under changing conditions of wind, and experience soon endows the skater with an instinct which teaches him to trim his sail so as to make every ounce of air pressure tell to the best advantage.

To quote again from a correspondent, the same who described the Danish sail: "Among the other reasons why this sport ought to come into favor is this: it can be practiced and enjoyed on ice too rough for ordinary skating. A slight covering of snow is rather beneficial than otherwise, and salt-water ice is preferable to very hard and smooth fresh-water ice, for the reason that it affords a better foot-hold. If the ice is knobby, it sets the blood circulating out in the very toes and finger-ends so that they tingle with warmth on the very coldest day [the author can certify this from his own experience]. The *softest* ice to upset on is the smoothest and hardest, and the greater the speed the easier the fall." Of course this last statement does not apply to knobby ice, which would be uncomfortable in case of an upset at a speed of eighty miles an hour, more or less.

BUILDING A DIKE FROM LITTLE TO GREAT MILL ROCK.

The winter of 1881-2 has not proved favorable in the latitude of New York for further experiment in the direction of this most promising and invigorating pastime, but under proper conditions it ought to be during the cold season what canoeing is during the summer, namely, a safe, delightful, exciting, and adventurous amusement.

CHARLES L. NORTON.



VIEW OF FLOOD ROCK FROM ASTORIA.

FLOOD ROCK.

FLOOD ROCK is now the scene of the most important operations carried on by General NEWTON for the improvement of navigation at Hell Gate. Hallet's Reef, it will be remembered, was blown to pieces in 1876, and the same system which was so successfully employed for the removal of that obstacle to navigation in the East River is now continued in the reef we illustrate. The whole extent of rock to be removed is nine acres and a half, and all but two acres are now honey-combed with a series of galleries crossing each other at right angles. Twenty-five galleries run northeast and southwest, cutting transversely fifty-seven numbered galleries. The longest of these tunnels is that known as Gallery I., which when completed will be 1375 feet in length. The width of each gallery is about seven feet, the height varies from six to eight feet. The pillars left by the intersecting tunnels are ten feet square, and on these reposes the rock, twenty feet in thickness, which forms the bed of the river. The rock is removed by blasting; a hole is sunk by means of an air-drill, and a charge of dynamite is then exploded. This labyrinth of submarine tunnels employs the labor of two hundred men working night and day in eight-hour shifts, and the amount of dynamite daily used is two hundred and fifty pounds. Although the work has now been over three years in progress, only one injury has been sustained from the use of this powerful explosive compound.

The visitor to the works has, before descending the shaft, to clothe himself in a rubber suit, and take a safety-lamp. He will see in the dark recesses gangs of men busily at work, and mules that drag to the bottom of the shaft cars laden with débris from the explosions. Water is everywhere dripping from the roof, and flowing in streams to a well at the foot of the shaft, from which it is pumped into the river by engines capable of raising 1300 gallons a minute. Around the mouth of the shaft are clustered, on an island of made ground, numerous wooden buildings, from which a ceaseless clatter of machinery is heard. The net-work of galleries will be completed, it is expected, this year. Another year will be required to make the necessary preparations for removing the piers which hold up the reef. Then, when all is ready, on some fine morning, say in 1884, the whole superincumbent mass will be blown up. For the present, active operations are temporarily suspended, the appropriation for carrying them on having been exhausted.

But other operations than submarine excavations are being pushed forward at Flood Rock. The débris from Hallet's Reef is still being removed, and, with the rock removed from the new works, is formed into a dike closing the interval between Great and Little Mill Rocks, thus forming the western side of the new channel, improved by the removal of the reef at Flood Rock. To bring the dike out of water it is necessary to cap it with a crib-work, creosoted for the sake of durability.

The whole of these works are conducted by the United States government. The reports for the fiscal year ending June, 1880,

SALT STALACTITES.

STONE SHUTE, MAIN SHAFT.

MINERS' DRESSING ROOM IN THE DRIFT.

THE EXCAVATIONS UNDER FLOOD ROCK.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM, FROM SKETCHES BY S. F. YEAGER.

show that $135,135 05 was expended on the excavations at Flood Rock, and estimate that the amount that can be profitably expended in the fiscal year ending next June is $300,000.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Persons who did business in the burned Potter building seem to be well pleased with the extent to which the valuable papers in their safes were protected from the heat. Perhaps an equal outlay about the building for the protection of human life would have yielded equally satisfactory results.

The latest intelligence from the West Indies shows that the islands are enjoying their usual degree of tranquillity. General Guillermo is about to organize a force to invade San Domingo, and the Dominican government is on the alert. The President has just promulgated a revised Constitution. Gonzales and Baez have come to terms, and they will also invade San Domingo with joined forces. President Salomon, of Hayti, has discovered a conspiracy in which his ministers were the leaders, a new cabinet has been formed, and the large packages of inflammable material which had been secreted in the palace have been removed. "A general revolution at an early date," says the dispatch, "is imminent."

An urchin in a Boston Latin school, which had just been visited by a corps of vaccinating physicians, translated the first half-verse of the Æneid, *Arma virumque cano*, "I sing of arms and the virus."

Not the gently falling flakes of snow, but the avalanches of ashes from the halls of the great tenement-houses, seem to be the chief obstacles in the way of the new street-cleaning contractors' success.

"How s'prized cullud Julia will be to see me fixed up dis way! Guess she don't s'pect her mudder dun up dis berry collar."

A delegation of Arrapahoe Indians recently paid their respects to the President. They were, perhaps, less informed as to the demands of civilization than the delegations of politicians who call upon him; but in consideration of their not wanting office, their short-comings were doubtless cheerfully overlooked.

It is told of a Western drover who came to the metropolis that, after carefully studying the hieroglyphics on Cleopatra's Needle, he remarked that the Egyptians used the same kinds of cattle brands that are now employed in Colorado.

Oscar Wilde was not disappointed in Niagara Falls. He says that its hackmen surpass even the cabmen of London.

During a recent strike of printers in Madrid some of the papers were unable to appear, and others printed only half-sheets. This state of affairs continued for many days—much longer than it could have done in America, where the tramp printer is no inconsiderable element in the floating population. The announcement of a printers' strike in an American city is followed within twenty-four hours by the advent of weather-beaten and foot-sore compositors from all points of the compass.

The story that Queen Caroline of Saxony has been made ill by overexertion in her kitchen would seem to indicate that she is trying to keep house in a flat of modern build.

Complaint is made in Washington that the Census Bureau has belittled that city to the extent of crediting it with a population of 147,293 instead of 169,456—the number claimed. The alleged injustice is accounted for on the supposition that the enumerators did not count "those living outside of what were in the old municipal days its corporate limits." When the census officers are heard from, it may appear that they merely passed by the office-seekers.

A policeman of this city was arrested a few days ago on a charge of stealing eels from a fish-dealer's stand. He admitted that they were found in his pocket, but claimed that he knew nothing of how they came there. The hypothesis that they crawled into his pocket while he was asleep was not advanced by the defense; but as there was no witness to swear that he saw the policeman remove the eels from the fish-dealer's stand, the prisoner was discharged.

Several prominent residents of Ottawa County, Michigan, one of them a village physician, led a mob into the jail for the purpose of lynching a murderer. The sheriff's wife turned the keys on them, and they have been fined $100 each.

Now is the time for our millionaires to send in their orders. A London picture expert offers to make purchases "for noblemen, gentlemen, and Americans."

To have a reputation like that of his Majesty the King of Burmah is a serious handicap in any effort toward reform in the government. News from his realm is not often received at this distance, and when it does come, it is usually in the shape of intelligence that he is drunk, and is butchering his subjects. The latest news from that quarter is that he has issued a mandate abolishing monopolies, and several writers commenting on the information have ventured the conjecture that he is sober again, which, although it is to a certain extent complimentary, is not calculated especially to impart moral force to the movement.

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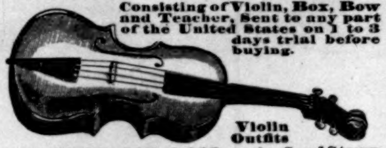

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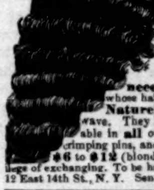

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